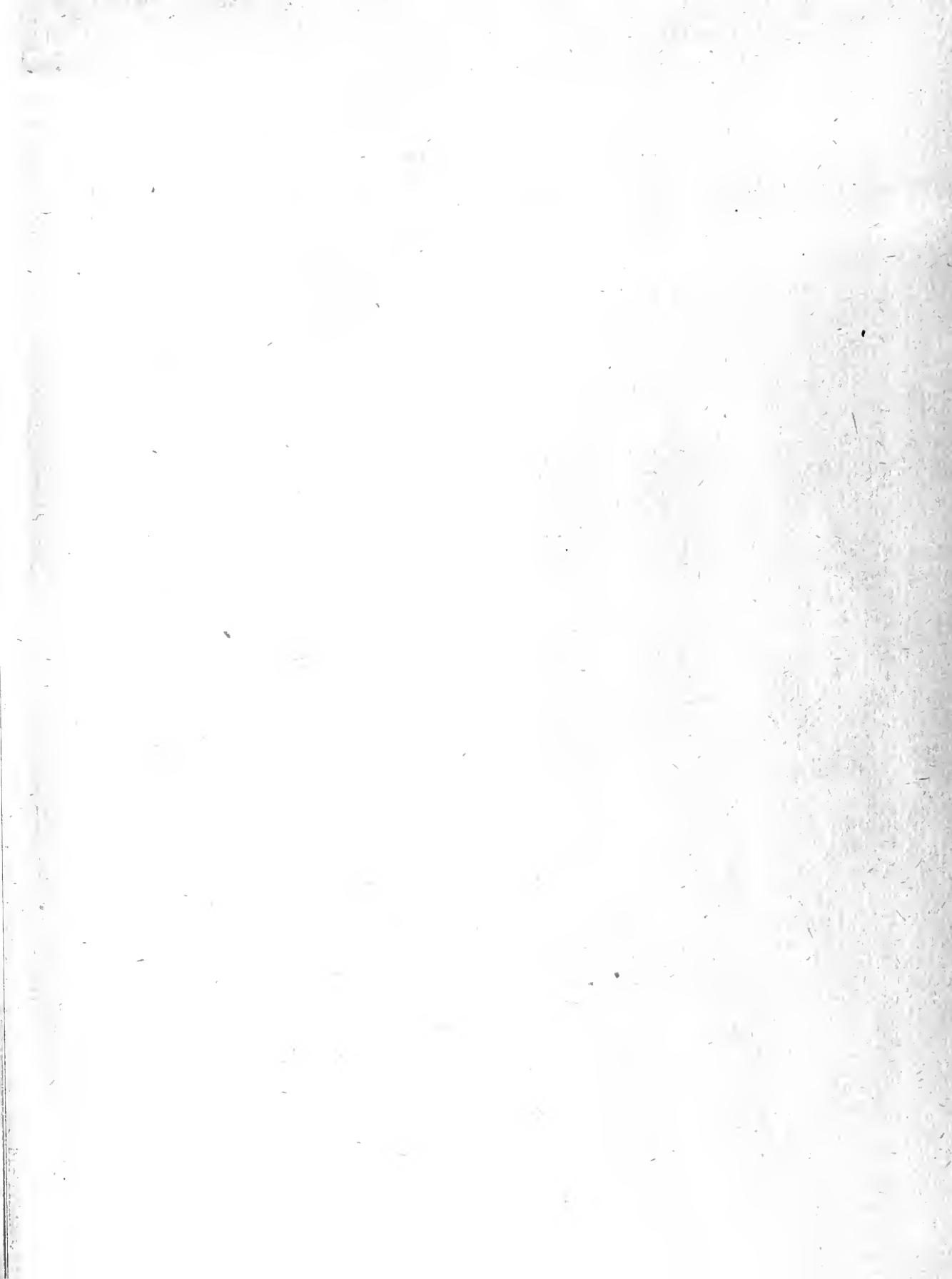


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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

### The Reign of King Edward III.

*Written . . . . . c. 1589*

*Date of first publication . . . . 1595*  
[British Museum, C. 34.]

*Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . 1910*



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 98.]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## The Reign of King Edward III.

[c. 1589]

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
**THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS**

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## The Reign of King Edward III.

[c. 1589]

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum [C. 34, g. 1],  
the entry in the Stationers' Register being dated December 1st, 1595.  
From internal evidence it is clearly shown that the play was written  
early in 1589 and produced on the stage immediately.*

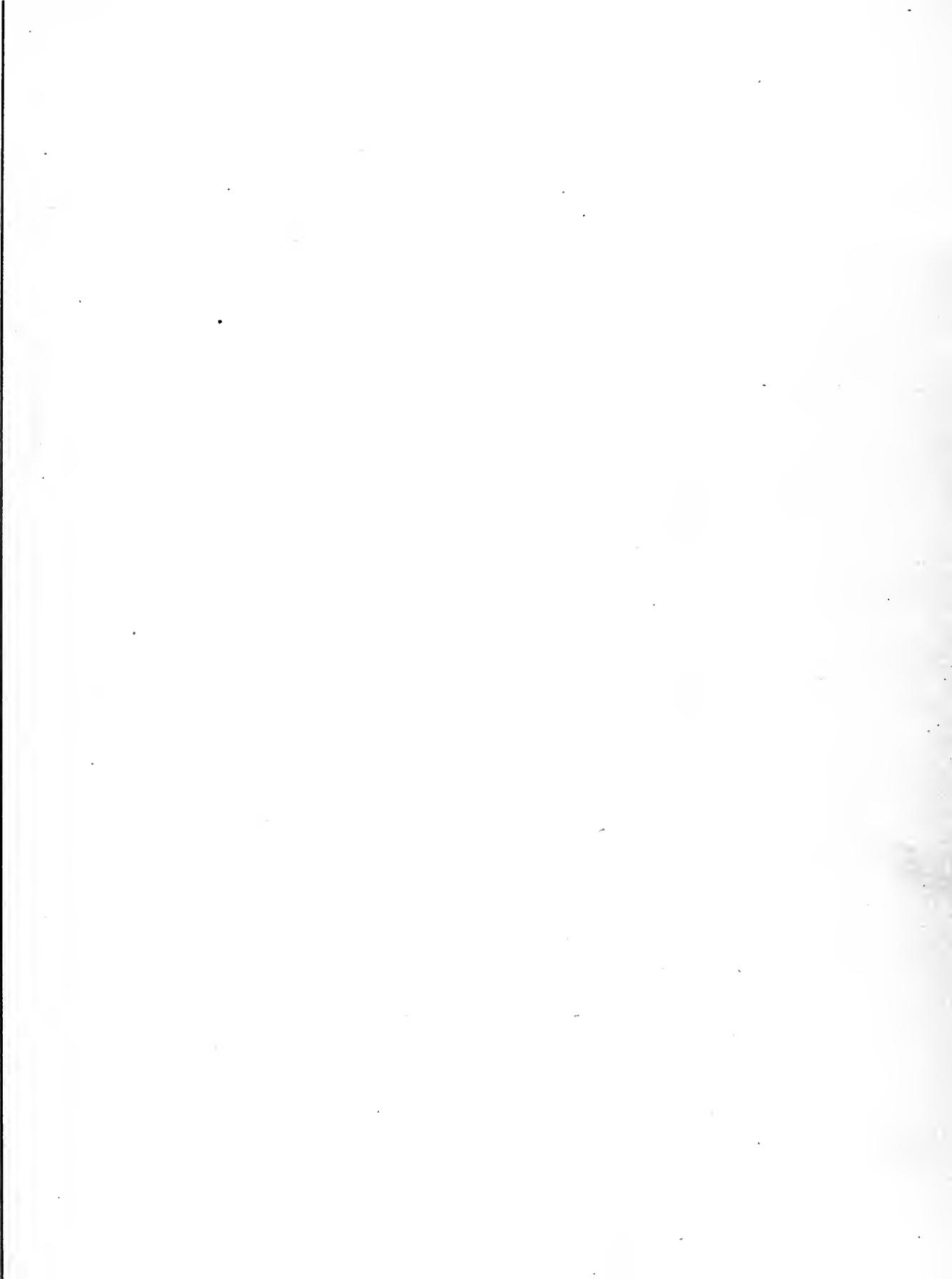
*The question of authorship is debatable: scholars must therefore  
consult the opinions of critics. Many authorities hold that there are  
strong grounds for regarding this play as wholly or in part the work  
of Shakespeare in the early days of his dramatic activity.*

JOHN S. FARMER.











THE  
RAIGNE OF  
KING EDVVARD  
the third:

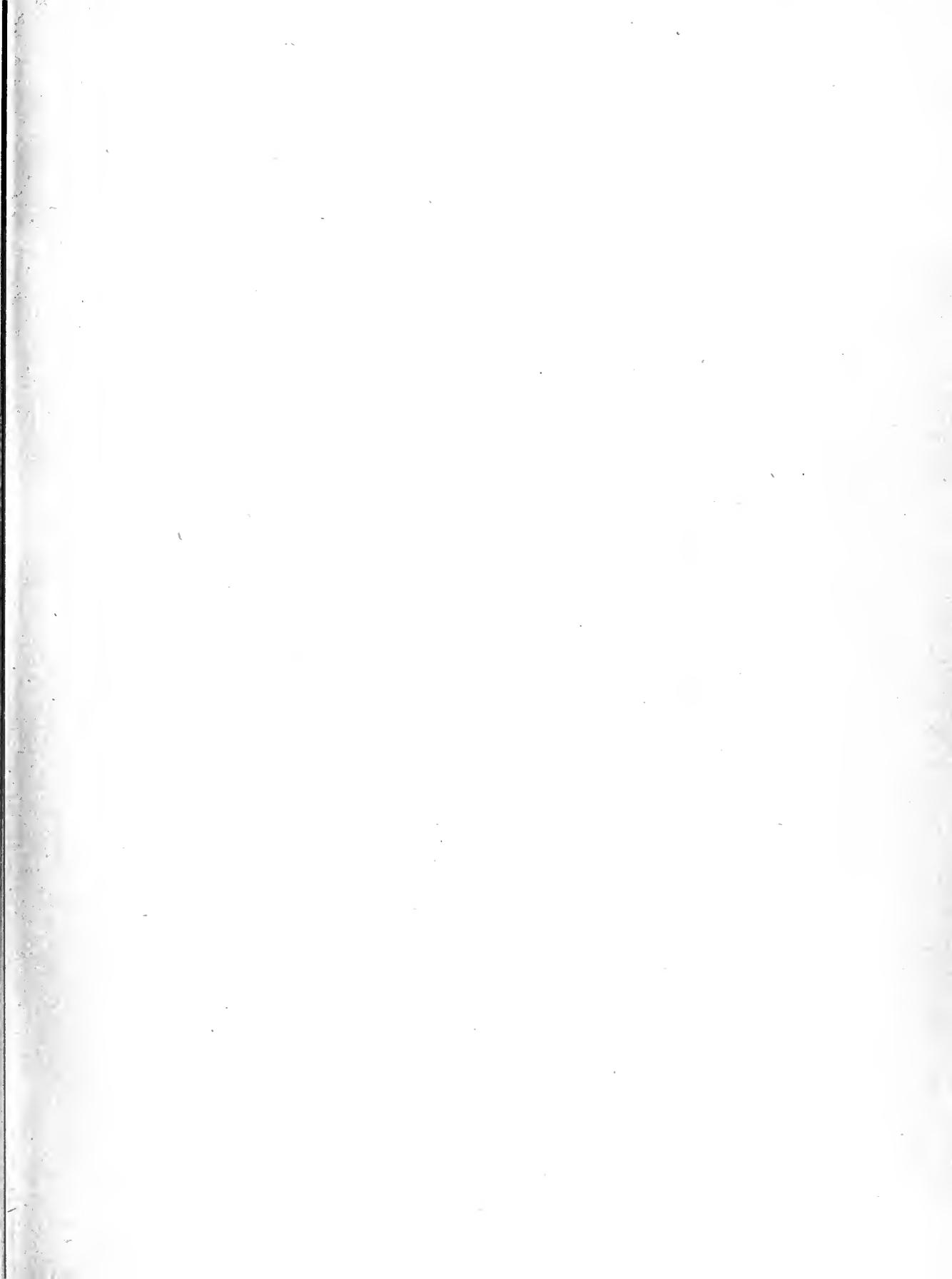
*As it hath bin sundrie times plaied aboue  
the Cittie of London.*



LONDON,  
Printed for Cuthbert Burby.

1596.







# THE RAINGE OF K: Edward the third.

*Enter King Edward, Derby, Prince Edward, Audely  
and Artoys.*

*King.* Robert of Artoys banisht though thou be,  
From Fraunce thy natvie Country, yet with vs,  
Thou shalt rayne as great a Seignorie:  
For we create thee Earle of Richmond heire,  
And now goe forwards with our pedigree,  
Who next succeeded Phillip of Bew,  
*Ar.* Three sonnes of his, which all successfullie,  
Did sit vpon their fathers regall Throne:  
Yet dyed and left no issue of their loynes:  
*King:* But was my mother sister vnto those:  
*Ar.* Shee was my Lord, and onely Isabel,  
Was all the daughters that this Phillip had,  
Whome afterward your father tooke to wife:  
And from the fragrant garden of her wombe,  
Your gratiouse selfe the flower of Europes hope:  
Deriu'd is inheritor to Fraunce.  
But not the rancor of rebellious mindes:  
When thus the lynage of Bew was out;  
The French obfcurd your mothers Priuiledge,  
And though she were the next of blood proclaymed  
John of the house of Valoys now their king:  
The reason was, they say the Realme of Fraunce,  
Replete with Princes of great parentage,  
Ought not admit a governor to rule,  
Except he be discended of the male,  
And that's the speciall ground of their contempt:  
Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:  
But they shall finde that forged ground of theirs,

*Per-*

# The Raigne of King Edward

To be but dusty heapes, of brittle sande.

*Art:* Perhaps it will be thought a heynous thing,

That I a French man should discouer this,

But heauen I call to recorde of my yowes,

It is not hate nor any priuat wronge,

But loue vnto my country and the right,

Prouokes my tongue thus lawlsh in report.

You are the lyneal watch men of our peace,

And Iohn of Valoys, in directly climbs,

Wherthen should subiects but imbrace their King,

Ah where in may our duety more be seene,

Then stryuing to rebate a tyrants pride,

And place the true shepheard of our comonwealth,

*King:* This counsayle Artoyes like to fruicfull shewers,

Hath added growth vnto my dignitie,

And by the fiery vigor of thy words,

Hot courage is engendred in my brest,

Which heretofore was rakt in ignorance,

But nowe doth mount with golden winges offame,

And will approue faire Isabells descent,

Able to yoke their stubburne necks with steele,

That spurne against my souereignete in France.

*A messenger, Lord Awdley know from whence,*

*Enter a messenger Lorrayne,*

*And:* The Duke of Lorrayne, hauing crost the seas,

In treates he may haue conference with your highnes.

*King:* Admit him Lords, that we may heare the newes.

*Say Duke of Lorrayne wherefore art thou come,*

*Ler:* The most renowned prince K. Iohn of France,

Doth greete thee Edward, and by me commandes,

That for so mnch as by his liberal gift,

The Guyen Duke domē is entayld to thee,

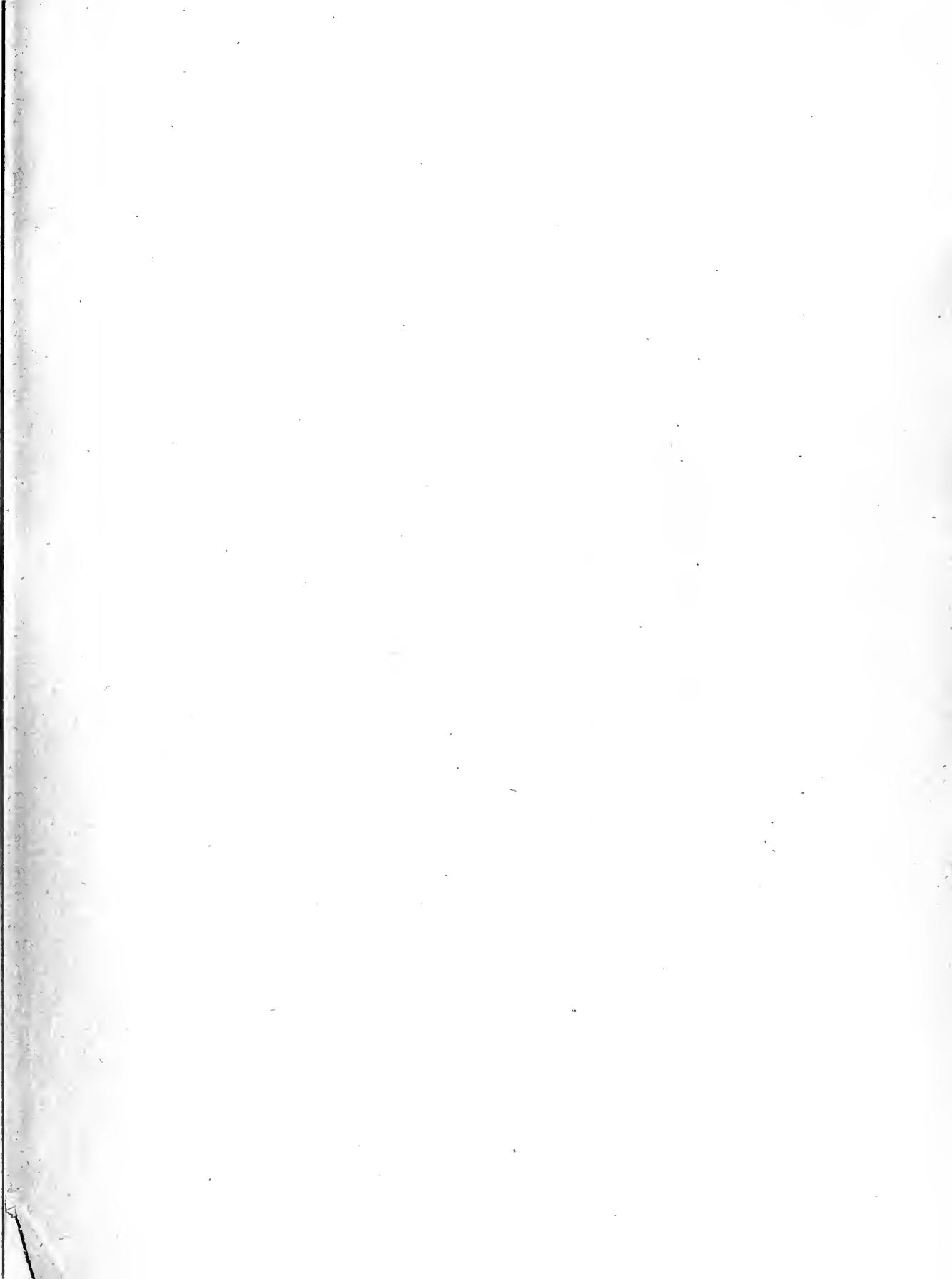
Thou do him lowly homage for the same.

And for that purpose here I somon thee,

Repaire to France within these forty daies,

That there according as the coustome is.

*Thou mayst be sworne true liegeman to our King,*





## *Edward the third.*

Or else thy title in that province dyes,  
And hee him self will repossesse the place.  
*K.Ed:* See how occasion laughes me in the face,  
No sooner minded to prepare for France,  
But straight I am invited, nay with threats,  
Vpon a penaltie inioynd to come:  
Twere but a childish part to say him nay,

*Lortayne* returne this answere to thy Lord,  
I meane to visit him as he requests,  
But how? not seruilely dispolde to bende,  
But like a conqueror to make him bowe,  
His lame vnpolishit shutes are come so light,  
And trueth hath pulid the vilarde from his face,  
That sett a glasse vpon his arrogancie,  
Dare he commaund a fealty in me,  
Tell him the Crowne that hee ysurpes, is myne,  
And where he sets his foote he ought to knele,  
Tis not a pety Dukedom that I claime,  
But all the whole Dominionys, of the Realme,  
Which if with grudging he refuse to yeld,  
Ile take away those borrowed plumes of his,  
And send him naked to the wildernes.

*Lor:* Then Edward here in spight of all thy Lords,  
I doe pronounce defyaunce to thy face.

*Prs:* Defiance French man we rebound it backe,  
Euen to the bottom of thy masters throat,  
And be it spoke with reuerence of the King,  
My gratiouse father and these other Lordes,  
I hold thy message but as scurrylous,  
And him that sent thee like the lazy droane,  
Crept vp by stelth vnto the Eagles nest,  
From whence wele shake him with so rough a storme,  
As others shalbe warned by his harme.

*War:* Byd him leue of the Lyons case he weares,  
Least me etibg with the Lyon in the field,

*He* chaunce to teare him peccemeale for his pride,  
*Ax:* I he soundest counsell I can giue his grace,

# The Raigne of

Is to surrendre ere he be contraynd.  
A voluntarie mischance hath leſſe ſcorne,  
Then when reprobeth with violence is borne.  
Lor. Regenerate prayor, vipter to the place  
Where thou was foſtred in thine infancy:  
Beareſt thou a part in this coniuracie?

*He drayes his ſword.*

K. Ed. Lorraine Behold the ſharpenes of this ſteele;  
Feruent desire that ſits againſt my heart,  
Is farre more thornie pricking than this blade:  
That with the nightingale I ſhall be ſcared:  
As oft as I diſpole to ſet me to refreſh,  
Vntill my courours be thourke in Fraunce;  
This is thy finall AnſWERe to be gone,  
Lor. It is not that nor any Englyſh braue,  
Afflicts me to cloſh this poſonne diew,  
That is moſt faire, I ſhould moſt of all be true,  
K. Ed. Now Lord our ſleeting Barke is vnder ſayle;

Our gage is thowſe, and warre is loone be gappe,

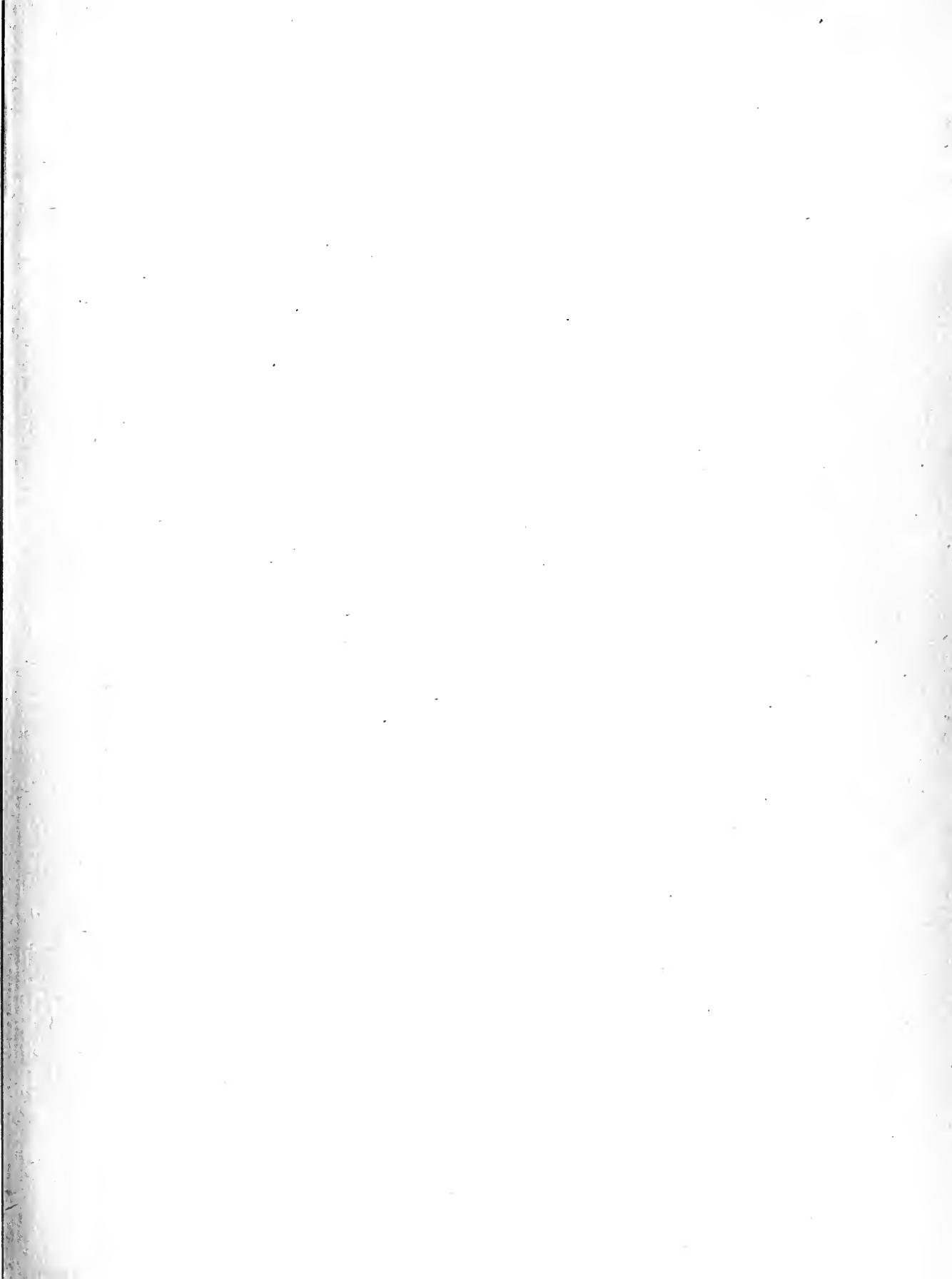
But not ſo quickeley to glaunt vnto an end.

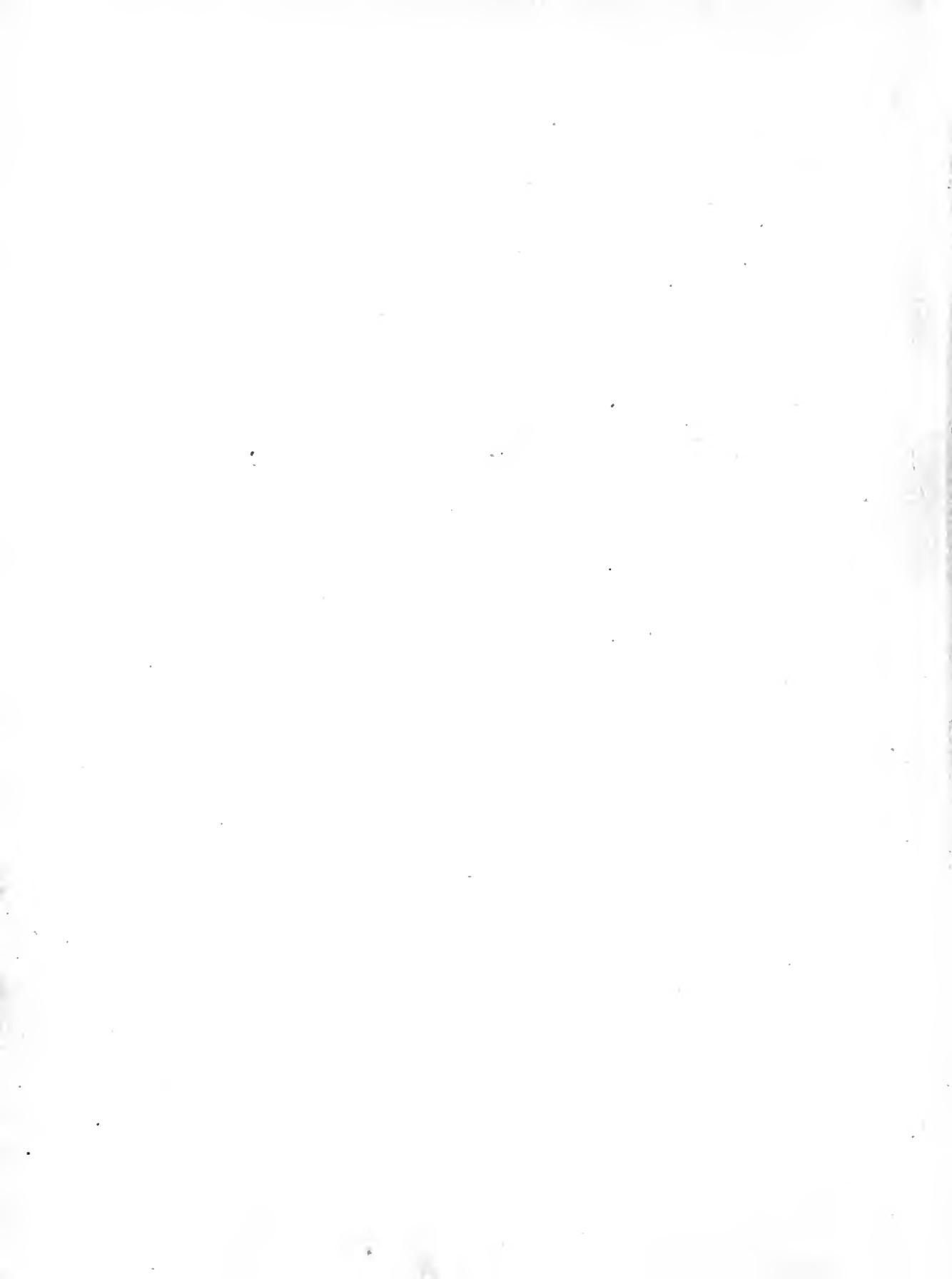
*Sir William Mountague.*

Moun. But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?  
How standeth the League Betweene the Scot and vs?  
McCrackt and diſſeuereſt my renowned Lord:  
The treacherous King no. Roone was infornde,  
Of your withdrawinge of your armes backe:  
But ſtraighte forgetting of his former othe,  
He made iuafion on the bordering Townes:  
Barwiche is woon, Newcastle ſpoyle and loſt,  
And now the tyrant hath begiun with leſſe,  
The Castle of Rocksboroue, where incloſd,  
The Countes Salbury is like to periſh:  
King, That is thy daughter Warwicke is it not?  
Whose husband hath in Distrayne ſervt ſo long  
About the planting of Lord Mountford there?

VVar. It is my Lord.

*Ignoble*





## *Edward the third.*

K: Ignoble Dauid hast thou none to greeue,  
But silly Ladies with thy threatening armes;  
But I will make you shrinke your snailie hornes,  
First therefore Audley this shalbe thy charge,  
Go leuie footemen for our warres in Fraunce;  
And Ned take muster of our men at armes,  
In every shire elect a seuerall band,  
Let them be Souldiers of a lustie spirite,  
Such as dread nothing but dishonors blot,  
Be warie therefore since we do comence,  
A famous Warre, and with so mighty a nation:  
Derby be thou Embassador for vs,  
Vnto our Father in Law the Earle of Henalt:  
Make him acquainted with our enterprise,  
And likewise will him with our owne allies,  
That are in Flaundsts, to solicite to,  
The Emperour of Almaigne in our name:  
My selfe whilst you are ioynly thus employd,  
Will with these forces that I haue at hand,  
March, and once more repulse the trayterous Scot:  
But Sirs be resolute, we shal haue warres  
On euery side, and Ned, thou must begin,  
Now to forget thy study and thy bookees,  
And vre thy shoulders to an Armors weight.  
Pr. As cheereful sounding to my youthfull spleene,  
This tumult is of warres increasing broyles,  
As at the Coronation of a king,  
The ioyfull clamours of the people are,  
When *Ave Cesar* they pronounce alowd;  
Within this schoole of honor I shal learne,  
Either to sacrifice my fdes to death,  
Or in a rightfull quarrel spend my breath,  
Then cheerfully forward ech a seuerall way,  
In great affaires tis nought to vse delay.

*Exunt.*

B

*Enter*

# The Raigne of King

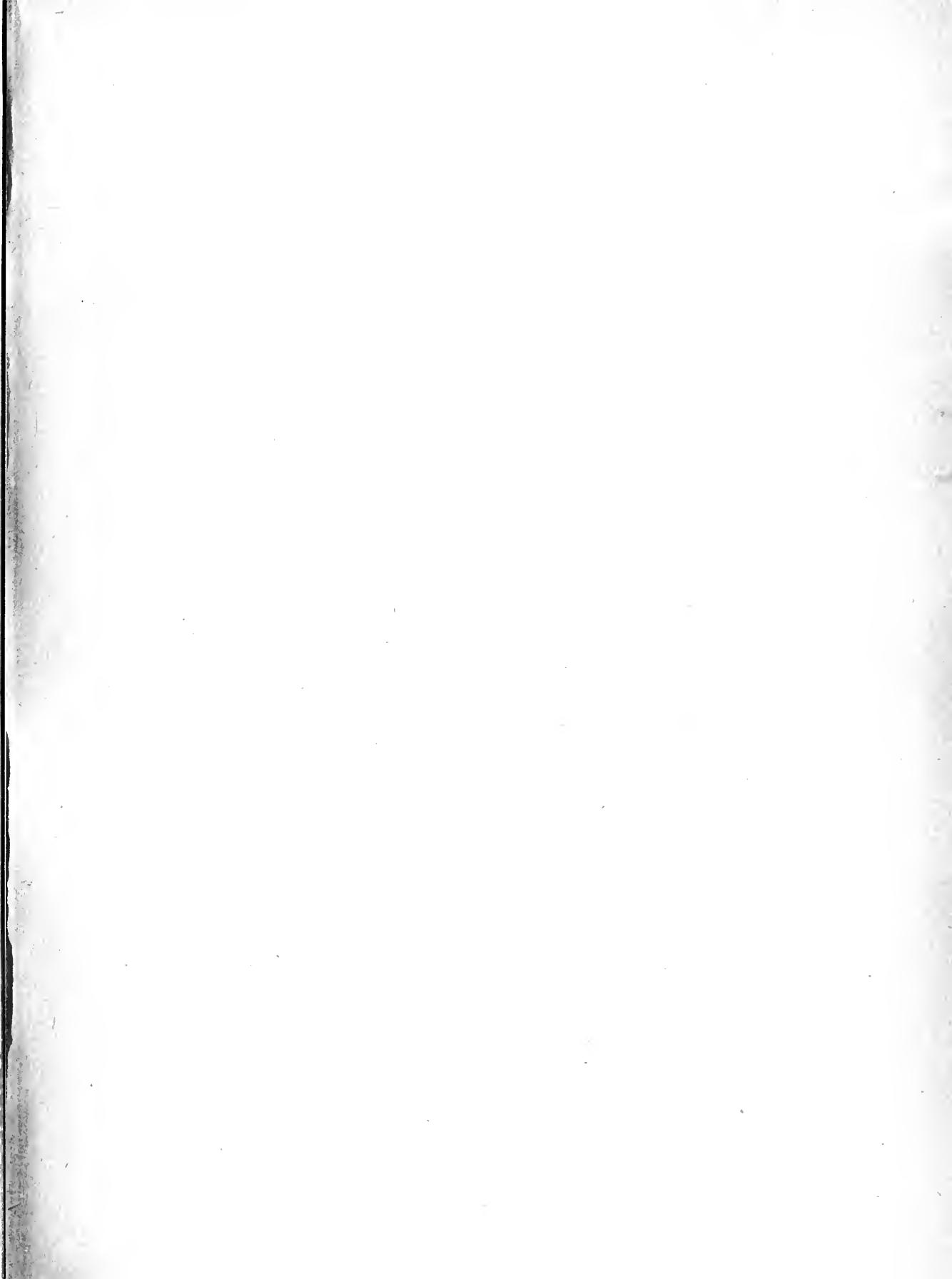
Enter the Countesse.

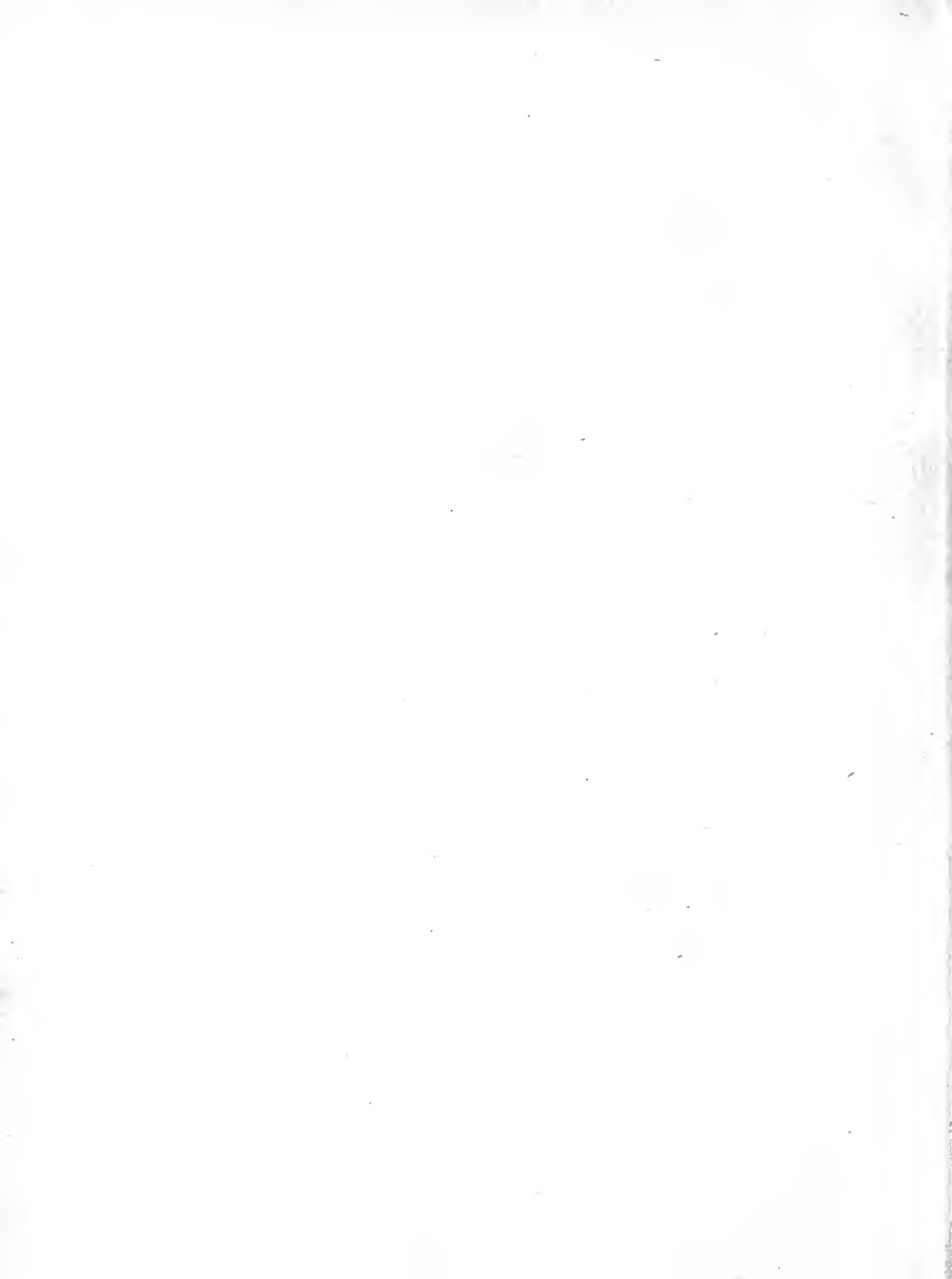
Alas how much in vaine my poore eyes gaze,  
For souccour that my soueraigne should send;  
*A co sin Mountague, I feare thou wants,*  
The liuely spirirt sharply to solicit,  
Wh ch vehement sute the king in my behalfe:  
Thou dost not tell him what a griece it is,  
To be the scornefull captiue to a Scot,  
Either to be wooed with broad vntuned othes,  
Or forst by rough insulting barbarisme:  
Thou doest not tell him if he heere preuaile,  
How much they will deride vs in the North,  
*And in their yild vnseuill skipping gigs,*  
Bray foorth their Conquest, and our ouerthrow,  
Euen in the barraine, bleake and fruitlesse aire,

Enter David and Douglas, Lorraine.

I must withdraw, the euerlasting soe,  
Comes to the wall, Ile closely step aside,  
And list their babble blunt and full of pride.  
*K.Da: My Lord of Lorrayne, to our brother of Fraunce,*  
Commend vs as the man in Christendome,  
That we must reverence and intirely loue,  
Touching your embassage, returne and say,  
That we with England will not enter parlie,  
Nor neuer make faire wether, or take truce,  
But burne their neighbor townes and so persift,  
With eager Rods beyond their Citie Yorke,  
And neuer shall our bonny riders rest:  
Nor rust in canker, haue the time to eate,  
Their light borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurre  
Nor lay aside their Jacks of Gymould mayle,  
Nor hang their staues of grayned Scottish ash,  
In peacefull wise, vpon their Citie wals,  
Nor from their buttoned tawny leatherne belts,  
Dismiss their byting whinyards, till your King,

Che





## *Edward the thirde.*

Cry out enough, spare England now for pittie,  
Farewell, and tell him that you leaue vs heare,  
Before this Castle, say you came from vs,  
Euen when we had that yeelded to our hands,  
*Lor:* take my leaue and fayrely will returne  
Your acceptable greeting to my king. *Exit Lor.*

*K.D:* Now Duglas to our former taske again,  
For the devision of this certayne spoyle.  
*Dou:* My liege I craue the Ladie and no more,  
King, Nay soft ye sir, first I must make my choysse,  
And first I do bespeake her for my selfe,  
*Da:* Why then my liege let me enioy her iewels.  
*King:* Those are her owne still liable to her,  
And who inherits her, hath those with all.

*Enter a Scot in baſt.*

*Mes:* My liege, as we were pricking on the hils,  
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward,  
We might discry a mighty host of men,  
The Sunne refleſting on the armour shewed,  
A field of plate, a wood of pickes aduanced:  
Bethinke your highnes speedely herein,  
An easie march within foure howres will bring,  
The hindmost rancke, vnto this place my liege.  
*King:* Dislodge, dislodge, it is the king of England.  
*Dug:* Lemmy my man, saddle my bonny blacke.  
*King:* Meanſt thou to fight, Duglas we are to weake.  
*Du:* I know it well my liege, and therefore flie.  
*Cou:* My Lords of Scotland will ye stay and drinke:  
*King:* She mocks at vs Duglas, I cannot endure it.  
*Count:* Say good my Lord, which is he must haue the Ladie,  
And which her iewels, I am ſure my Lords  
Ye will not hence, till you haue ſhard the spoyles.  
*King:* Shee heard the messenger, and heard our talke,  
And now that comfort makes her come at vs.

*An other messenger.*

*Mes:* Arme my good Lord, O we are all ſurpride.

## *The Raigne of King*

After the French embassador my liege,  
And tell him that you dare not ride to Yorke,  
Excuse it that your bonnie horse is lame.

K. He heard that to intollerable griesse:

Woman farewell although I do not stay. *Examt Scotts.*

*Conni:* Tis not for feare, and yet you run away,  
O happy comfort welcome to our house,  
The confident and boystrous boasting Scot,  
That swore before my walls they would not backe,  
For all the arm'd power of this laud,  
With facelesse feare that euer turnes his backe:  
Turnd hence againe the blasting North-east winde:  
Vpon the bare report and name of Armes.

*Enter Monnague.*

*M.*: O Sommers day, see where my Cosin comes:  
How fares my Aunt? we are not Scots,

Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

*Co.*: Well may I giue a welcome Cosin to thee:

For thou comest well to chase my foes from hence.

*M.*: The king himselfe is come in person hither:  
Deare Aunt discend and gratulate his highnes.

*Co.*: How may I enterayne his Majestie,  
To shew my dutie, and his dignitie.

*Enter king Edward, Warwike, Arreyes, with others.*

*K. Ed.*: What ate the stealing Foxes fled and gone  
Before we could yncapple at their heeles.

*War.*: They are my liege, but with a cheerefull cry,  
Hot hunds and hardie chafe them at the heeles.

*Enter Countesse.*

*K. Ed.*: This is the Countesse Warwike, is it not.

*War.*: Euen shee liege, whose beauty tyrants feare,  
As a May blottome with pernitious winds,  
Hath sullied, withered, ouercast and done.

*K. Ed.*: Hath she been fairer Warwike then she is?

*War.*: My gracious King, faire is she not at all,  
If that her selfe were by to staine her selfe.





### *Edward the third.*

As I haue seene her when she was her selfe,

K.Ed: What strange enchantment lurke in those her eyes?

When they exceld this excellencye they haue,

That now her dyna declyne hath power to draw,

My subiect eyes from persing maestie,

To gaze on her with doting admiration.

Count: In duetic lower then the ground I kneele,

And for my dul knees bow my feeling heart,

To witnes my obedience to your highnes,

With many millions of a subiects thanks.

For this your Royall presence, whose approch,

Hath druen war and danger from my gate.

K.Lady stand vp, I come to bring thee peace,

How euer thereby I haue purchast war.

C.: No war to you my liege, the Scots are gone,

And gallop home toward Scotland with their hate,

Lefft yeelding heare, I pyne in shamefull loue:

Come wele perfuse the Scots, Artoyes away.

C.: A little while my gratioues soueraigne stay,

And let the power of a mighty king

Honor our roofe: my husband in the warres,

When he shall heare it will triumph for ioy.

Then deare my liege, now niggard not thy state,

Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

King. Pardon me countesse, I will come no neare,

I dreamde to night of treason and I feare.

C.: Far from this place let vgly treasonly.

K. No farther off, then her conspiring eye,

Which shoots infected poyson in my heart.

Beyond repulse o swit or cure of Art,

Now in the Sunne alone it doth not lye,

With light to take light from a mortall eye,

For her to day stars that myn eies would see,

More then the Sunne steales myn owne light from me:

Contemplation definie, definie to be,

In contemplation that may master thee.

## The Raigne of King

Warwike, Artoys, go horse and lets away.  
Co: What might I speake to make my soueraigne stay?  
King: What needs a tongue to such a speaking eie,  
That more perswads then winning Oratorie.  
Co: Let not thy presence like the Aprill sunne,  
Flatter our earth, and sodenly be done:  
More happie do not make our outward wall,  
Then thou wilt grace our inner house withall,  
Our house my liege is like a Country swaine,  
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and playne,  
Presageth nought, yetinly beautified,  
With bounties riches, and faire hidden pride:  
For where the golden Ore doth buried lie,  
The ground vndect with natures tapestrie,  
Seemes barayne, sere, vnferfull, siuctles dry,  
And where the vpper turfe of earth doth boast,  
His pride perfumes, and party colloured cost,  
Delue there, and find this iſſue and their pride,  
To spring from ordure, and corruptions ſide:  
But to make vp my all to long compare,  
These ragged walles no teſtomeie are,  
What is within, but like a cloake doth hide,  
From weathers West, the vnder garniſh pride:  
More gratiouſ then my tearnes can let thee be,  
Intreat thy ſelfe to ſtay a while with mee.  
Kin: As wiſe as faire, what fond fit can be heard,  
When wiſedome keepeſ the gate as beuties gard,  
Counteſſe, albeit my busines vrgeth me,  
Yr ſhall attend, while I attend on thee:  
Come on my Lords, heere will I hofte to night.      *Exeunt.*  
Lor: I might perceiue his eye in her eye lost,  
His care to drinke her ſweet tongues vterance,  
And changing paſſion like incoſtant clouds:  
That racke vpon the carriage of the windes,  
Increase and die in his diſturbed cheekeſ:  
Loe when ſhee bluſht, euē then did he looke pale,

A





## *Edward the third.*

As if her cheeke by some inchaunted power,  
Attracted had the cheris blood from his; l. i. v. v. 10.  
A none with rauent feare, when she grew pale,  
His cheeke put on their scarlet ornaments,  
But no more like her oyent all red,  
Then Bricke to Corral, or liue things to dead,  
Why did he then thus counterfeit her lookes,  
If she did blush twas tender modest shame,  
Being in the sacred present of a King.  
If he did blush, twas redimmodest shame,  
To waile his eyes amisse being a king; a. 1. v. 11.  
If she looke pale, twas silly womans feare,  
To beare her selfe in presence of a king;  
If she looke pale, it was with guiltie feare,  
To dote a misse being a mighty king, a. 1. v. 12.  
Then Scottish warres farewell, I feare twill prooue  
A lingring English seige of peevish loue, a. 1. v. 13.  
Here comes his highnes walking all alone.

*Ester King Edward.*  
King: Shee is growne more fairer far since I came thither,  
Her voice more silver every word then other, a. 1. v. 14.  
Her wit more fluent; what a strange discourse,  
Unfolded she of Dauid and his Scots:  
Euen thus quoth she, he spake, and then spoke broad, a. 1. v. 15.  
With epithites and accents of the Scot: a. 1. v. 16.  
But somewhat better then the Scot could speake greate, a. 1. v. 17.  
And thus quoth she, and answered then her selfe, a. 1. v. 18.  
For who could speake like her but she her selfe: a. 1. v. 19.  
Breathes from the wall, an Angels note from Heaven:  
Of sweete defiance to her barbarous foes, a. 1. v. 20.  
When she would talke of peace me thinkes her tonge, a. 1. v. 21.  
Commanded war to prison: when of war, a. 1. v. 22.  
It wakened Cæsar from his Romane graues, downe of 10.  
To heare warre beautified by her discoursed word, a. 1. v. 23.  
Wisedome is foolishnes, but is her tonge, a. 1. v. 24.  
Beauty a slander but in her faire face, a. 1. v. 25.  
There is no summer, but in her chearefull lookes, a. 1. v. 26.

## The Raigne of King

Nor frosty winter, but in her disdayne,  
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,  
For she is all the Treasure of our land:  
But call them cowards that they ran away,  
Hauing so rich and faire a cause to stay.  
Art thou there Lodwicke, giue me incke and paper?

L: I will my liege.

K: And bid the Lords hold on their play at Chesse,  
For wee will walke and meditate alone.

L: I will my soueraigne.

K: This fellow is well read in poettie,  
And hath a lustie and perswasive spirite:  
I will acquaint him with my passion,  
Which he shall shadow with a vaile of lawne,  
Through which the Queene of beauties Queene shall see,  
Herselfe the ground of my infirmitie.

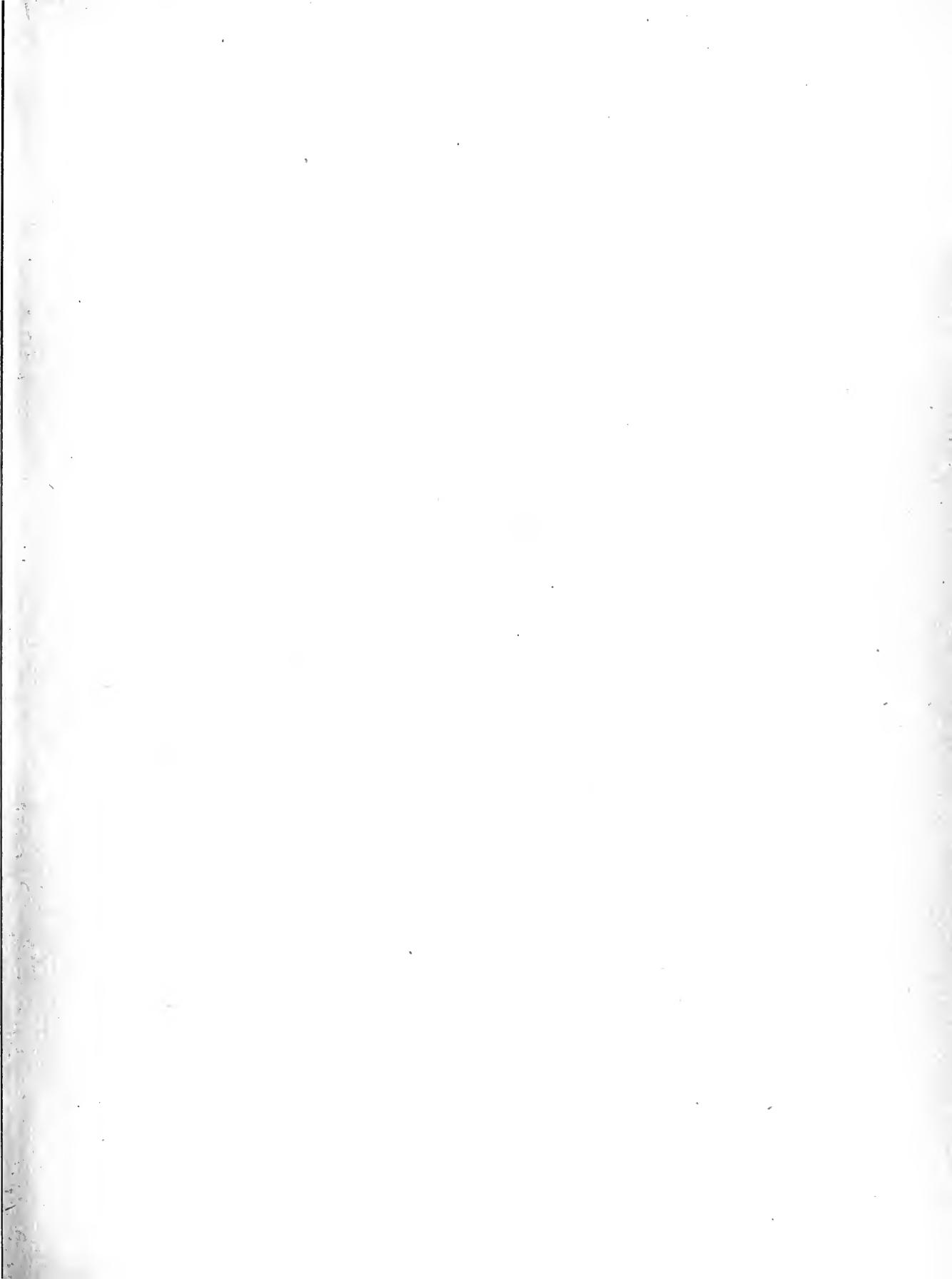
Enter Lodwike.

K: Haft thou pen, inke and paper ready Lodowike,

L: Ready my liege.

K: Then in the sommer arber sit by me,  
Make it our counsel house or cabynet:  
Since greene our thoughts, greene be the conuenticle,  
Where we will easse vs by disburndning them:  
Now Lodwike inuocate some golden Muse,  
To bring thee hither an incensed pen,  
That may for sighes, set downe true sighes indeed:  
Talking of griefe, to make thee ready grone,  
And when thou writeſt of teares, encouch the word,  
Before and after with ſweete lamentes,  
That it may rayfe drops in a Torters eye,  
And make a flyntheart Sythian pytiful,  
For ſo much moouing hath a Poets pen:  
Then if thou be a Poet moue thou ſo,  
And be enriched by thy soueraigne loue:  
For if the touch of ſweet concordant ſtrings,  
Could ſorce attendance in the ears of hel:

How





## *Edward the third.*

X How much more shall the straines of pocts wit, Beguild and rafish soft and humane myndes.

Lor: To whom e my Lord shal I direct my stile,

King: To one that shames the faire and sots the wife,

Whose bodie is an abstract or a breefe,

Containes ech generall vertue in the worlde,

Better then bewifull thou must begin,

Deuise for faire a fairer word then faire,

And cuery ornament that thou wouldest praise,

Fly it a pitch aboue the soare of praise;

For flattery feare thou not to be coniucted,

For were thy admiration ten tymes more,

Ten tymes ten thousand more thy worth exceeds,

Of that thou art to praise their praises worth,

Beginne I will to contemplat the while,

Forget not to set doun how passionat,

How hart sickle and how full of languishment,

Her beautie makes nice,

Lor: Writ I to a woman?

King: What bewtie els could triumph on me,

Or who but women doe our loue layes greet,

What thinkest thou I did bid thee praise a horse.

Lor: Of what condicion or estate she is,

Twere requisit that I should know my Lord,

King: Of such estate, that hers is as a throane,

And my estate the footstooke where shee treads,

Then maist thou judge what her condition is,

By the proportion of her mightines,

Write on while I peruse her in my thoughts,

Her voice to musick or the nightingale,

To musick every sommer leaping swaine,

Compares his sunburnt louer when shee speakes,

And why should I speake of the nightingale,

The nightingale singes of adulterate wrong,

And that compared is to satyrical,

For shane though sygne would not be so esteemed,

## The Raigne of king

But rather vertue sin, synne vertue deemd,  
Her hair far softer then the silke wormies twist,  
Like to a flattering glas doth make more faire,  
The ye low Amber like a flattering glas,  
Comes in to soone: for writing of her eies,  
Ile say that like a glas they catch the sunne,  
And thence the hot reflection doth rebounde,  
Against my brest and burnes my hart within,  
Ah'what a world of descant makes my soule,  
Upon this voluntarie ground of loue,  
Come Lodwick hast thou turnd thy inke to golde,  
If not, write but in letters Capitall my mistres name,  
And it wil guild thy paper, read Lorde, reade,  
Fill thou the emptie hollowes of mine eares,  
With the sweete hearing of thy poetrie.

*Lo:* I haue not to a period brought her praise.

*King:* Her praise is as my loue, both infinit,  
Which apprehend such violent extremes,  
That they disdaine an ending period.

Her bewtie hath no match but my affection,  
Hers more then most, myne most, and more thena more,  
Hers more to praise then tell the sea by drops,  
Nay more then drop the massie earth by sands,  
And said, by said, print them in memorie,  
Then wherfore talkest thou of a period,  
To that which craves ynended admiration.

Read let vs heare.

*Lo:* More faire and chast then is the queen of shades:

*King:* That loue hath two falts grosse and palpable,

Comparkest thou her to the pale queene of night,

Who being set in darke seemes therefore light,

What is she, when the sunne lifts vp his head,

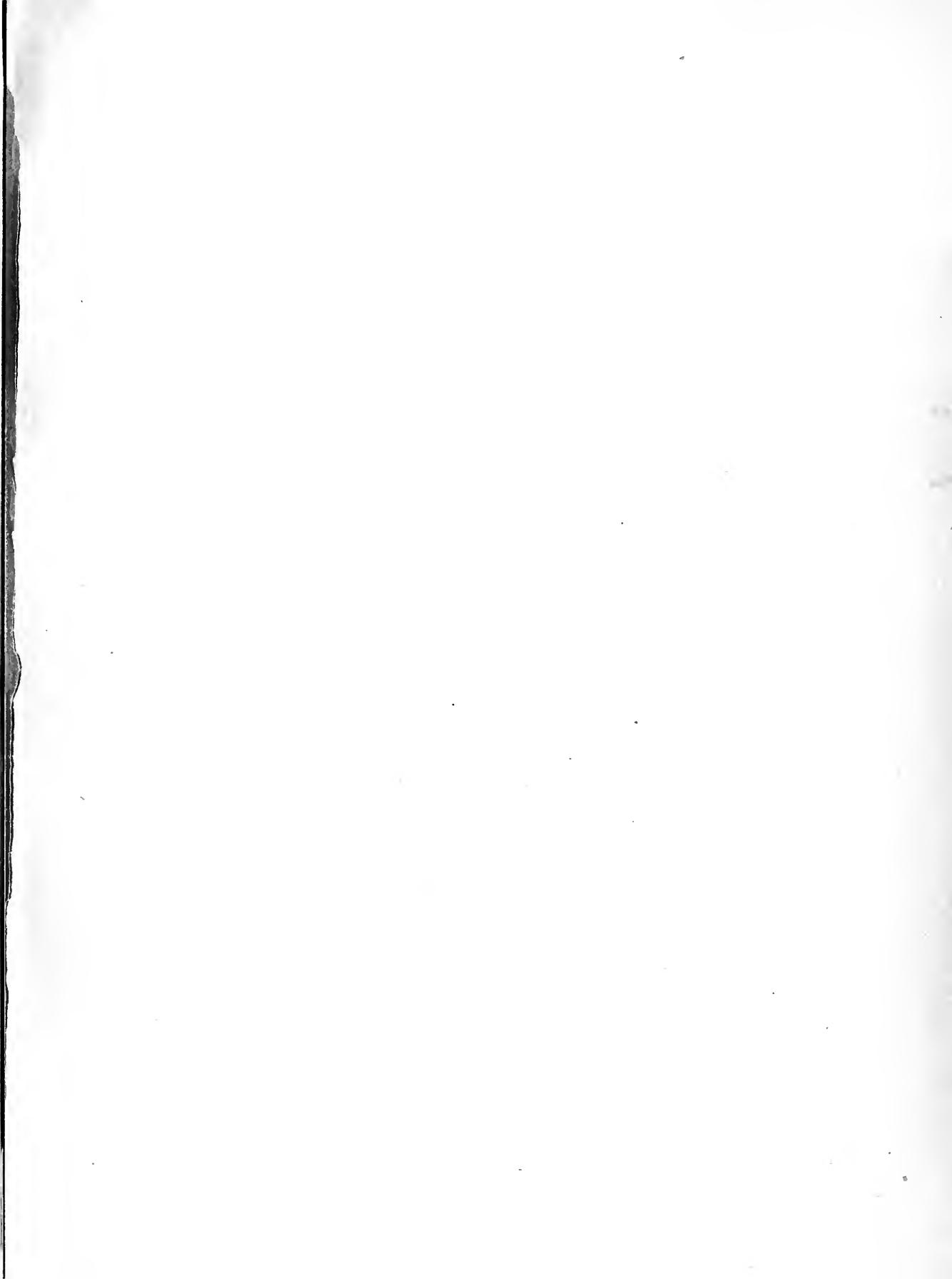
But like a fading taper, dyn and dead.

My loue shall braue the ey of heauen at noon,

And being ynmaskt outshine the golden sun,

*Lo:* What is the other faulte, my soueraigne Lord,

Read





### *Edward the third.*

*King*, Readeore the line againe,

*Lo*: More faire and chaste,

*King*: I did not bid thee talke of chastitie,  
To ransack so the treason of her minde,  
For I had rather haue her chased then chaff,  
Out with the moone line, I wil none of it,  
And let me haue her likened to the sun,  
Say shee hath thrice more splendour then the sun,  
That her perfections emulatcs the sunne,  
That shee breeds sweets as plentious as the sunne,  
That shee doth thaw cold winter like the sunne,  
That shee doth cheare fresh sommer like the sunne,  
That shee doth dazie gazers like the sunne,  
And in this application to the sunne,  
Bid her be free and generall as the sunne,  
Who smiles vpon the basest weed that growes,  
As louinglie as on the fragrant rose.

Lets see what followes that same moonlight line,

*Lo*: More faire and chaste then is the louver of shades,  
More bould in constancie.

*King*: In constancie then who,

*Lo*: Then iudith was,

*King*: O monstrous line, put in the negg a sword,

And I shall woo her to cut of my head!

Blot, blot, good Lodwicke let vs heare the next,

*Lo*: Theres all that yet is donne.

*King*: I thancke thee then thou haft don like ill,

But what is don is passing passing ill,

No let the Captaine talke of boyfrous warr,

The prisoner of emured darke constraine,

The sick man best sets downe the pangs of death,

The man that starues the sweetnes of a feast,

The frozen soule the benefite of fire,

And every grieve his happie opposite,

Loue cannot sound well but in louers loungs,

Giue me the pen and paper I will write,

# The Raigne of King

Enter Countes.

But soft here comes the treasurer of my spirit,  
Lodwick thou knowst not how to drawe a battell,  
These wings, these flaukars, and these squadrons,  
Argue in thee defective discipline,  
Thou shouldest haue placed this here, this other here,  
Co. Pardon my boldnes my thrice gracious Lords,  
Let my intrusion here be cald my duetie,  
That comes to see my soueraigne how he fares,  
Ks: Go draw the same I tell thee in what forme.

Lor: I go.

Con: Sorry I am to see my liege so sad,  
What may thy subiect do to drive from thee.

Thy gloomy confort, fullome melancholie,  
King: Ah Lady I am blunt and cannot strawe,  
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame,  
Since I came hither Countes I am wronged.

Cont: Now God forbid that anie in my howse  
Should thinck my soueraigne wrong, thrice gentle King:

King: Acquaint me with theyr cause of discontent,  
How neere then shall I be to remedie.

Cont: As neare my Liege as all my womans power,  
Can pawne it selfe to buy thy remedy.

King: Yf thou speakest true then haue I my redresse,  
Engage thy power to redeeme my loyes.

And I am ioyfull Countes els I die.

Conn: I will my Liege,

King: Swearre Countes that thou wilt,

Conn: By heauen I will,

King: Then take thy selfe a litle wais a side,

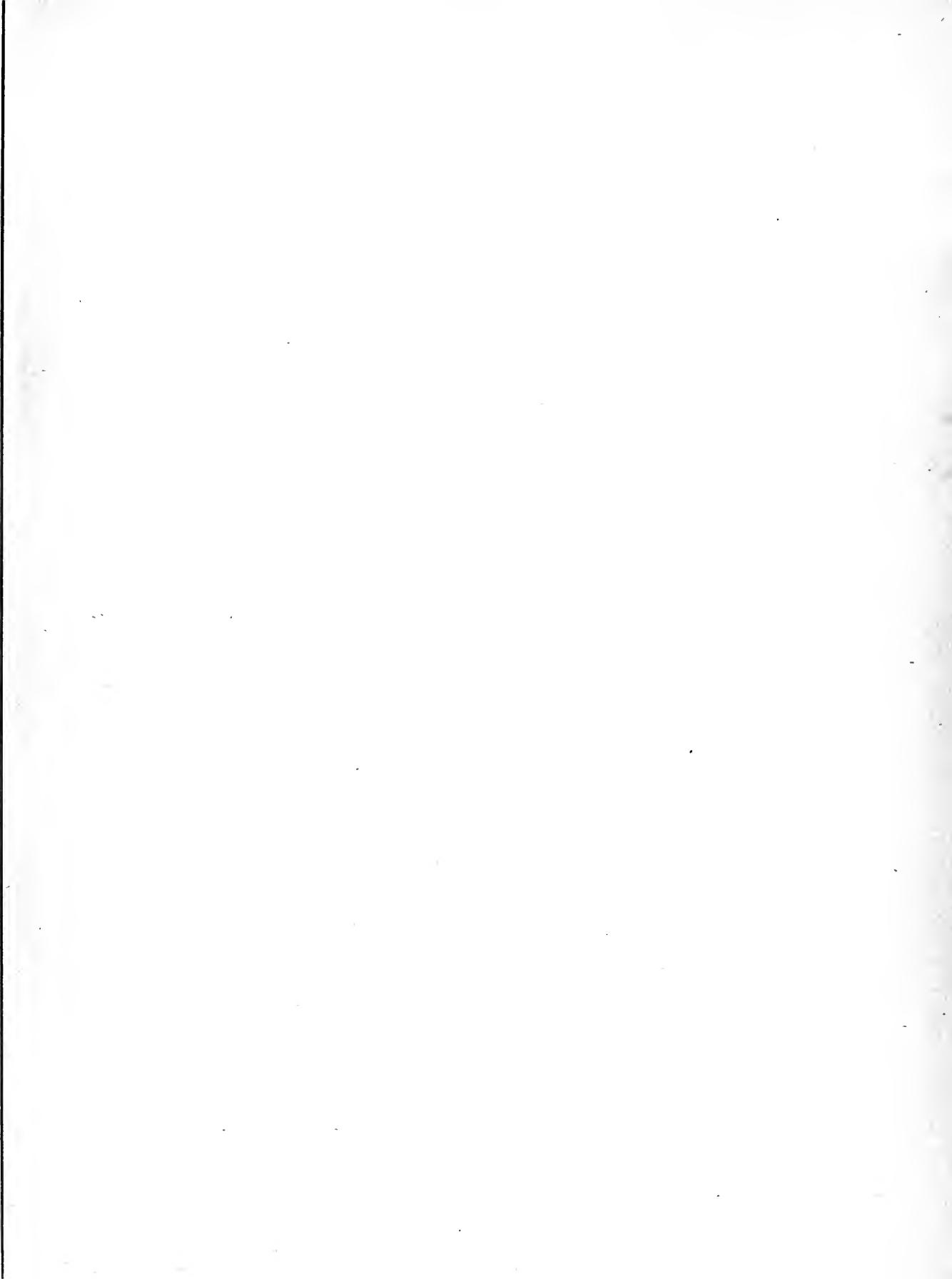
And tell thy selfe a King doth dote on thee,

Say that within thy power doth lie,

To make him happy, and that thou hast sworne,

To giue him all the Ioy within thy power,

Do this and tell me when I shall be happie.





### *Edward the third.*

*Cou*: All this is done my thrice dread souereigne,  
That power of loue that I haue power to giue,

Thou hast with all deuout obedience,

Inploy me how thou wilt in prose therof,

*King*. Thou hearst me saye that I do dote on thee,

*Cou*: Yf on my beauty take ye if thou canst,

Though little I do prise it ten tymes lesse,

If on my vertue take it if thou canst,

For vertues store by giuing doth augment,

Be it on what it will that I can giue,

And thou canst take awaie inherit it.

*King*. It is thy beauie that I woulde enioy,

*Cou*: O were it painted I woulde wipe it of,

And dispossesse my selfe to giue it thee,

But souereigne it is souldred to my life,

Take one and both sorlike an humble shaddow,

Ychauntes the sunshine of my summers life,

But thou maist leue it me to sport with all.

*Cou*: As easie may my intellectual soule,

Be lent awaie and yet my bodie liue,

As lend my bodie pallace to my soule,

A waie from her and yet retaine my soule.

My bodie is her bower her Courther abey,

And shee an Angell pure deuine vnspotted,

If I should leaue her house my Lord to thee,

I kille my poore soule and my poore soule me,

*King*. Didst thou not swere to giue me what I woulde,

*Cou*: I did my liege so what you would I could.

*King*: I wish no more of thee then thou maist giue,

Nor beg I do not but I rather buie,

That is thy loue and for that loue of thine,

In rich exchaunge I tender to thee myne,

*Cou*: But that your lippes were sacred my Lord,

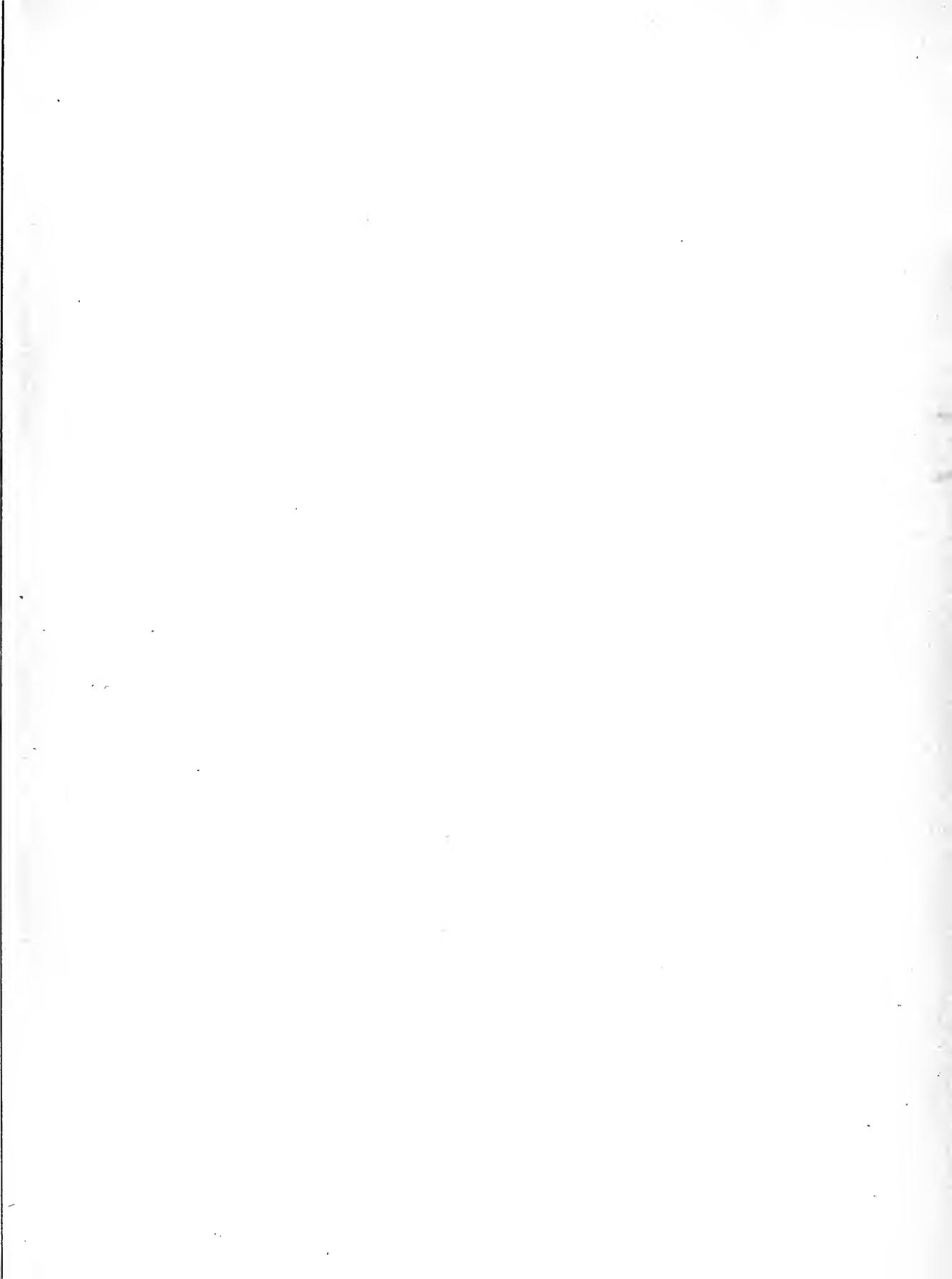
You would prophare the holie name of loue,

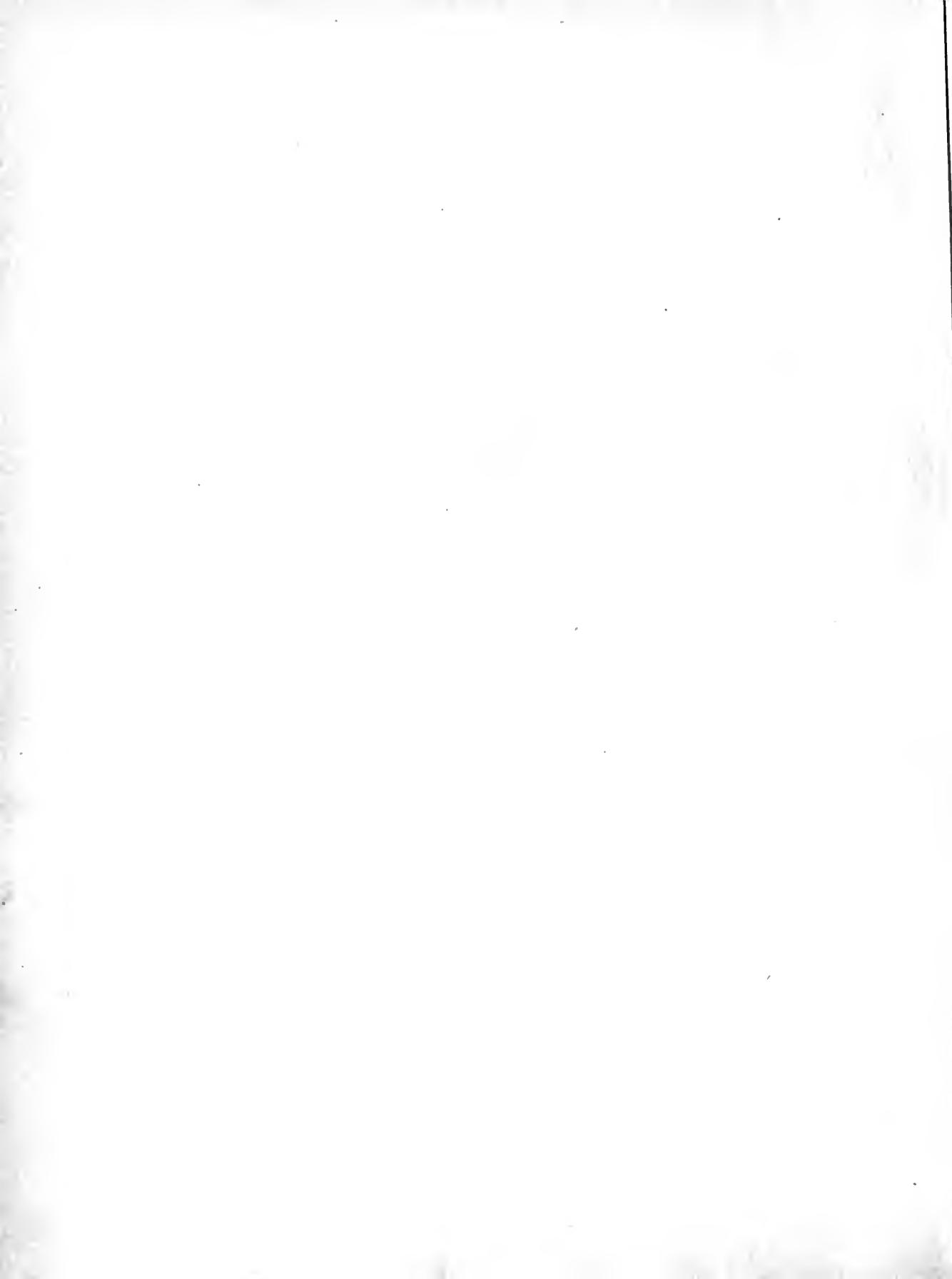
That loue you offer me you cannot giue,

For Cæsar owes that tribut to his Queene,

## The Raigne king

That loue you beg' of me I cannot giue,  
For Sara owes that duetie to her Lord,  
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,  
Shall die my Lord, and will your sacred selfe,  
Comit high treason against the King of heauen,  
To stamp his Image in forbidden mettel,  
For getting your allegiance, and your othe,  
In violating mariage sacred law,  
You breake a greater honor then your selfe,  
To be a King is of a yonger house,  
Then to be maried, your progenitour  
Sole ragning Adam on the vniuerse,  
By God was honored for a married man,  
But not by him annoyncted for a king,  
It is a penality to breake your statutes,  
Though not enacted with your highnes hand,  
How much more to infinge the holy act,  
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand,  
I know my souereigne in my husbands loue,  
Who now doth loyall seruice in his warrs,  
Doth bur to try the wife of Salisbury,  
Whither shee will heare a wantons tale or no,  
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,  
From that not from my leige I tourne awaie : *Exi.*  
*King:* Whether is her bewtie by her words dyuine,  
Or are her words sweet chaplaines to her bewtie,  
Like as the wind doth beautifie a saile,  
And as a saile becomes the vnscene winde,  
So doe her words her bewties, bewtie wordes,  
O that I were a honie gathering bee,  
To beare the combe of vertue from his flower,  
And not a poison sucking envious spider,  
To tume the vice I take to deadlie venom,  
Religion is austere and bewty gentle,  
To stricke a gardion for so faire a weed,  
O that shee were as is the airc to mee,





### *Edward the third.*

Why so she is, for when I would embrase her,  
This do I, and catch nothing but my selfe,  
I must enjoy her, for I cannot beate  
With reason and reprooфе fond loue a waie.

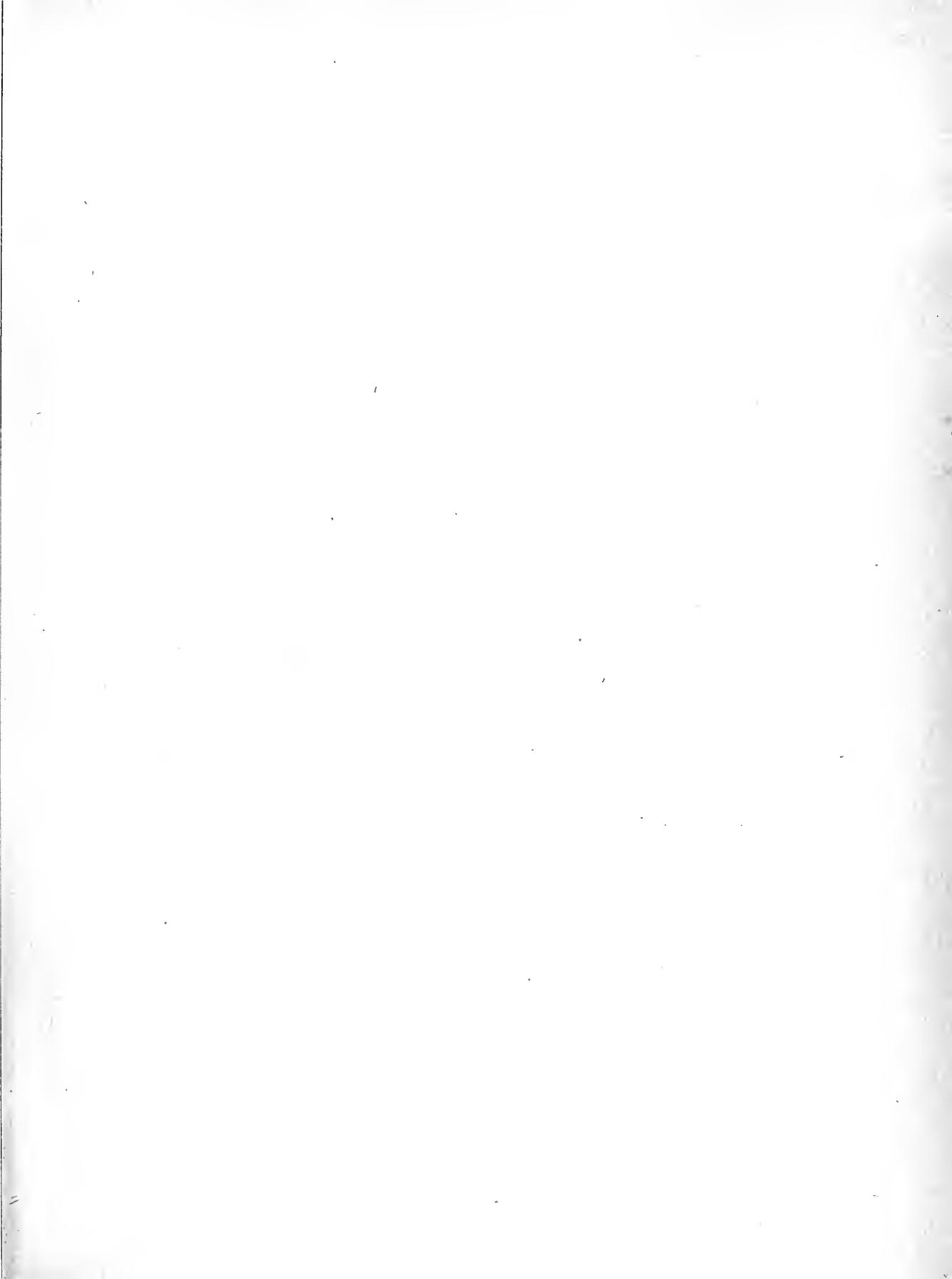
#### *Enter Warwick.*

Here comes her father I will worke with him,  
To beare my collours in this feild of loue.  
*War:* How is it that my souereigne is so sad,  
May I with pardon know your highnes griefe,  
And that my old endeuer will remoue it,  
It shall not comber long your maicstie,  
*King:* A kind and voluntary giift thou profcrest,  
That I was forwarde to haue begd of thee,  
But O thou world great nurse of flatterie,  
Whie doſt thou tip mens tongues with golden words,  
And peiſe their deedes with weight of heauie leade,  
That faire performance cannot follow promise,  
O that a man might hold the hartes cloſe booke,  
And choke the lauish tongue when it doth vtter  
The breath of falſhood not careſted there:  
*War:* Far be it from the honor of my age,  
That I ſhould owe bright gould and render lead,  
*Age* is a cynecke, not a flatterer,  
I ſaye againe, that I if knew your grieſe,  
And that by me it may be leſned,  
My proper harme ſhould buy your highnes good,  
These are the vulger tenders of falſe men,  
That neuer pay the duetie of their words,  
*King:* Thou wilt not ſticke to ſwear what thou haſt ſaid,  
But when thou knoweft my greifes condition,  
This rafh diſgorged vomit of thy word,  
Thou wilt eate vp againe and leaue me helpleſe.  
*War:* By heauen I will not though your maicstie,  
Did byd me run vpon your ſworde and die.

Say

## The Raigne of King

Say that my greefe is no way medicinable,  
But by the losse and bruising of thine honour,  
*War.* Yf nothing but that losse may vantage you,  
I woulde accomplish that losse my vauntage to,  
*King.* Thinkit that thou canst an i were thy othe againe,  
*War.* I cannot nor I would not if I could.  
*King.* But if thou dost what shal I say to thee,  
*War.* What may be said to anie periurd villane,  
That breake the sacred warrant of an oath,  
*King.* What wilt thou say to one that breaks an othe,  
*War.* That hee hath broke his faith with God and man,  
And from them both standes excommunicat,  
*King.* What office were it to suggest a man,  
To breake a lawfull and religious vowe.  
*War.* An office for the devill not for man,  
*Ki.* That devilles office must thou do for me,  
Or breake thy othe or cancell all the bondes,  
Ofloue and duetie twixt thy self and nice,  
And therefore Warwike if thou art thy selfe,  
The Lord and master of thy word and othe,  
Go to thy daughter and in my behalfe,  
Comaund her, woo her, win her anie waies,  
To be my mistres and my secret loue,  
I will not stand to heare thee make reply,  
Thy othe breake hers or let thy souereigne dye. Exit.  
*King.* O doting King, or detestable office,  
Well may I tempt my self to wrong my self,  
When he hath sworne me by the name of God,  
To breake a vowe made by the name of God,  
What if I sweare by this right hand of mine,  
To cut this right hande of the better waie,  
Were to prophaine the Idol then confoundit,  
But neither will I do ille keepe myne oath,  
And to my daughter make a recantation,  
Of all the vertue I haue preacht to her,





### *Edward the third.*

Ile say she must forget her husband Salisbury,  
If she remember to embrace the king,  
Ile say an othe may easly be broken,  
But not so easily pardoned being broken:  
Ile say it is true charitie to loue,  
But not true loue to be so charitable;  
Ile say his greatnes may beare out the shame,  
But not his kingdome can buy out the sinne;  
Ile say it is my dutie to perswade,  
But not her honestie to giue consent.

*Enter Countesse.*

See where she comes, was never father had,  
*Against his child, an embassage so bad,*  
*Cc:* My Lord and father, I haue sought for you;  
My mother and the Peeres importune you,  
To keepe in promise of his maestie.  
And do your best to make his highnes merrie.  
*War:* How shall I enter in this gracelesse arrant,  
I must not call her child, for wheres the father,  
That will in such a sure seduce his child:  
Then wife of Salisbury shall I so begin:  
No hees my friend, and where is found the friend  
That will doe friendshipe such indammagement:  
Neither my daughter, nor my deare friends wife,  
I am not Warwike as thou thinkst I am,  
But an atturnie from the Court of hell:  
That thus haue houisd my spittice in his forme,  
To do a message to thee from the king:  
The mighty king of England dotes on thee:  
He that hath power to take away thy life,  
Hath power to take thy honor, then consent,  
To pawne thine honor rather then thy life;  
Honor is often lost and got againe,  
But life once gon, hath no recouerie:  
The Sunne that withershoye goth nourish grasse,  
The king that would distaine thee, will aduance thee!

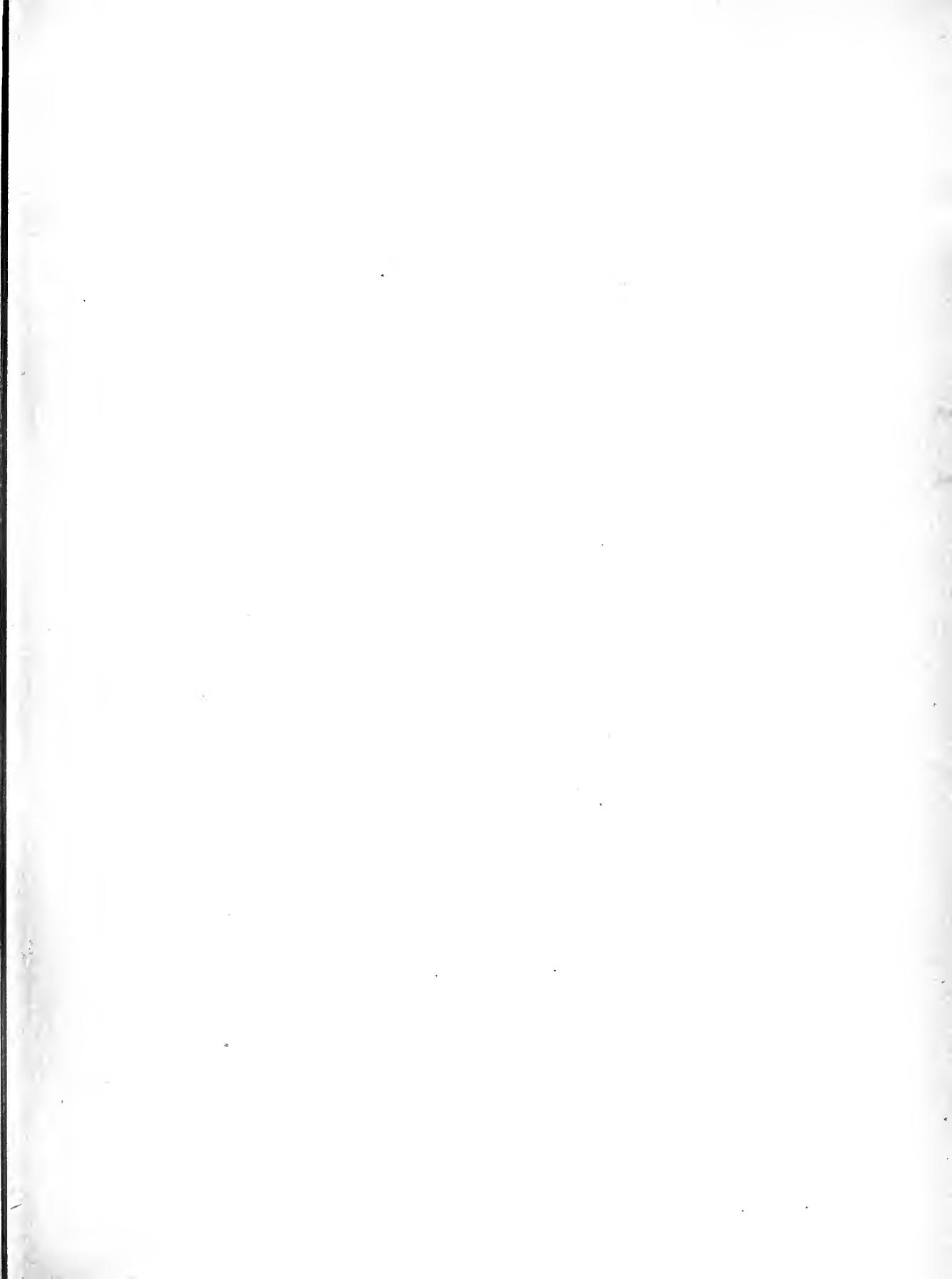
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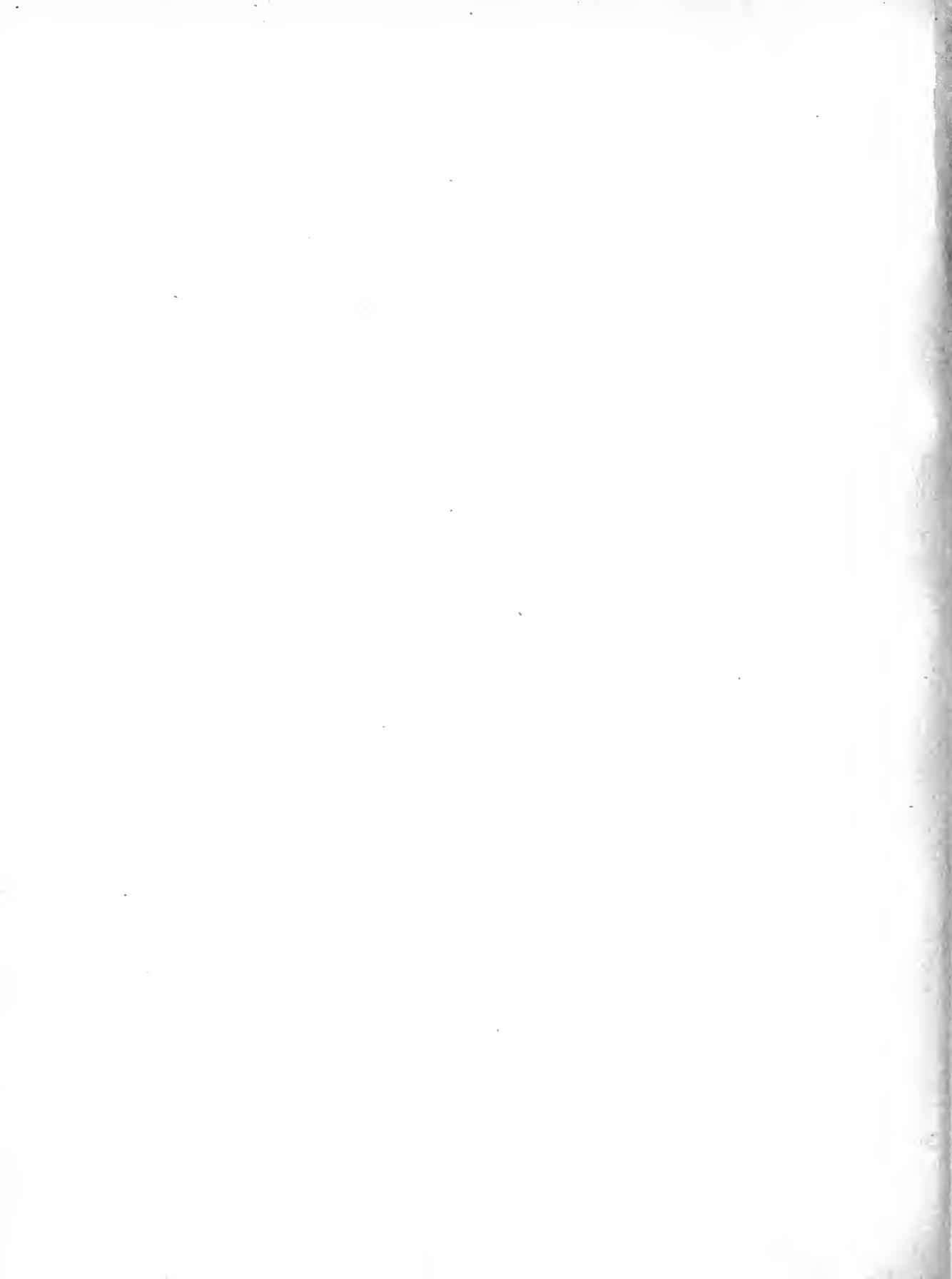
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## The Reigne of King

The Poets write that great Achilles speare,  
Could heale the wound it mide: the mortall is,  
What mighty men misdoo, they can amends  
The Lyon doth become his bloody iawes,  
And grace his forragement by being milde,  
When vassell feare lies trembling at his feete,  
The king will in his glory hide thy shame,  
And those that gaze on him to finde out thee,  
Will loose their eie-sight looking in the Sunne:  
What can one drop of poyon harme the Sea,  
Whose hugie rastures can digest the ill,  
And make it loose his operation:  
The kings great name will temper their misdeeds,  
And giue the bitter portion of reproch:  
A sugred sweet, and most delicious tast:  
Besides it is no harme to do the thing,  
Which without shame, could not be left vndone;  
Thus haue I in his maiesties behalfe,  
Apparaled sin, in vertuous sentences,  
And dwel vpon thy answere in his suete.  
*Cou: Vnnaturall besege, woe me vnhappie,*  
To haue escapt the danger of my foes,  
And to be ten times worse intiered by friends:  
Hath he no meanes to stayne my honest blood,  
But to corrupt the author of my blood,  
To be his scandalous and vile soliciter:  
No maruell though the braunches be then infected,  
When poyon hath encompassed the roote:  
No maruell though the leprous infant dye,  
When the sterne dame inuennometh the Dug:  
Why then giue sinne a pasport to offend,  
And youth the dangerous reigne of liberty:  
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,  
And cancell every canon that prescribes,  
A shame for shame, or pennance for offence,  
No let me die, if his too boylrous will.

Will





### *Edward the third.*

Will haue it so, before I will consent,  
To be an actor in his gracielesse lust.  
W<sup>r</sup>: Why now thou speakest as I would haue thee speake,  
And maigne how I vnsaie my words againe,  
An honorable graue is more esteemde,  
Then the polluted closet of a king,  
The greater man, the greater is the thing,  
Be it good or bad that he shall vndertake,  
*An vnreputed more, flying in the Sunne,*  
Presents a greater substaunce then it is:  
The freshest summers day doth soonest taint,  
The lothed carriorn that seemes to kisse:  
Deepe are the blowes made with a mighty Axe,  
That sinne doth ten times agreuate it selfe,  
That is committed in a holie place,  
An euill deed done by authoritie,  
Is sin and subbornation: Decke an Ape  
In tissue, and the beautie of the robe,  
Addes but the greater scorne vnto the beast:  
A spatiouse field of reasons could I vrge,  
Betweene his gloomy daughter and thy shame,  
That poysone shewes worst in a golden cup,  
Darke night seemes darker by the lightning flash,  
Lillies that fester smel far worse then weeds,  
And euerie glory that inclynes to sin,  
The shame is treble, by the opposite,  
So leaue I with my blessing in thy bosome,  
Which then conuert to a most heauie curse,  
When thou conuertest from honors golden name,  
To the blacke faction of bed blotting, shame.  
Cont: Ills follow thee, and when my minde turnes so,  
*My body sinke, my soule in endles woo.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore Derby from Eraunce, At an other doore,  
Audley with a Drum.*

*Der.* Thrice noble Audley, well incountred heere,  
How is it with our soueraigne and his peers?

## The Raigne of King

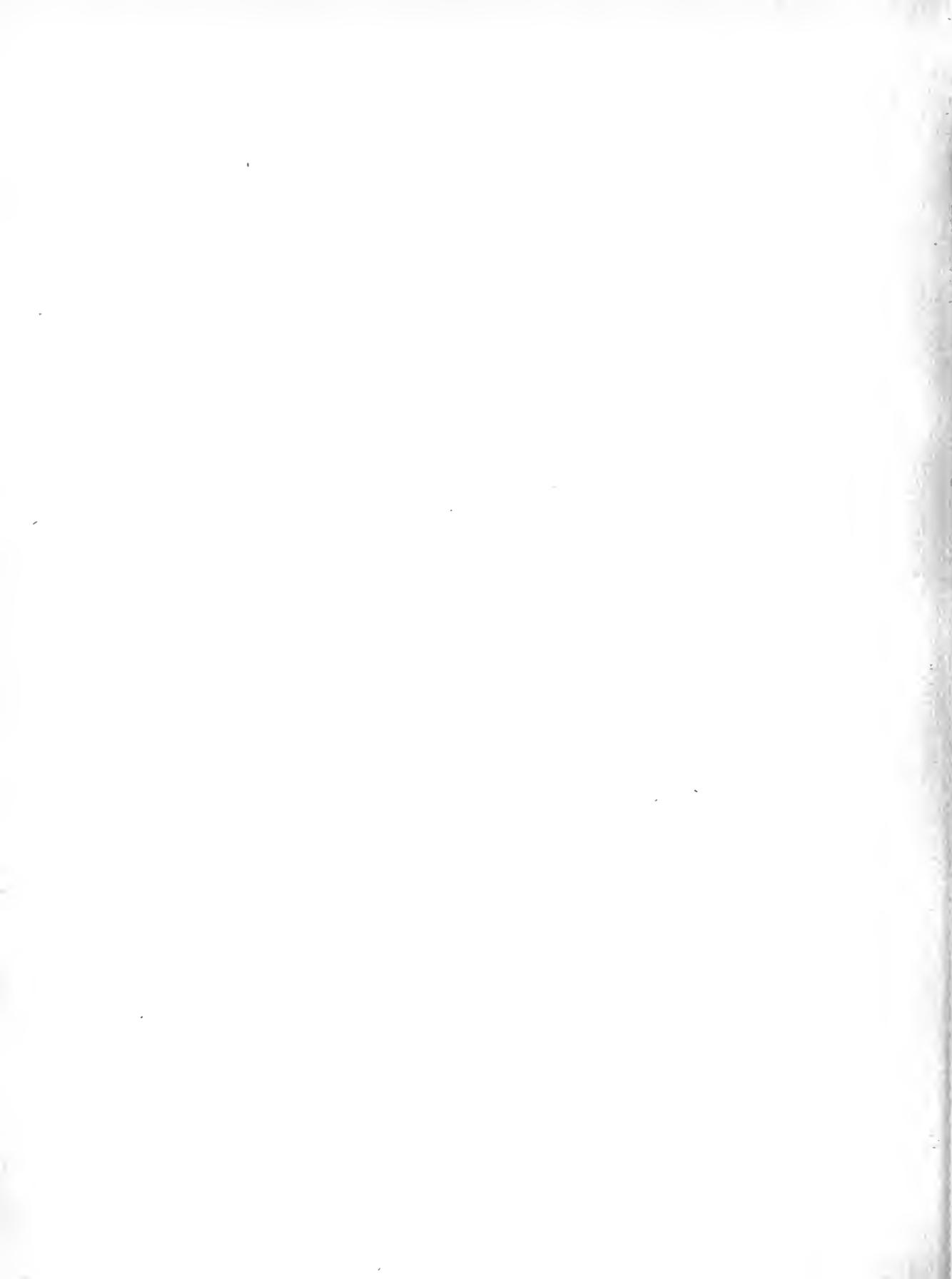
And. Tis full a fortnight since I saw his highnes,  
What time he sent me forth to muster men,  
Which I accordingly haue done and bring them hither,  
In faire array before his maestie:  
King: What newes my Lord of Derby from the Emperour.  
Der. As good as we desire: the Emperour  
Hath yeelded to his highnes friendly ayd,  
And makes our king leuetenant generall  
In all his lands and large dominions,  
Then vse for the spacious bounds of Fraine;  
And. What doth his highnes leape to heare these newes?  
Der. I haue not yet found time to open them,  
The king is in his closet malcontent,  
For what I know not, but he gaue in charge,  
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him:  
The Countesse Salisbury, and her father Warwike,  
Artoyes, and all looke vnderneath the browes.  
And: Undoubtedly their soyme thing is amisse.

*Enter the King.*

Der. The Trumpets sound, the king is now abroad,  
A. Where comes his highnes.  
Der. Befall my soueraigne, all my soueraignes wish,  
King. Ah that thou wert a Witch to thake it so,  
Der. The Emperour greeteth you.  
Kin. Would it were the Countesse.  
Der. And hath accorded to your highnes suite,  
King. Thou lyest she hath not, but I would she had,  
An. All loue and duety to my Lord the King.  
Kin. Well all but one is none, what newes with you?  
An. I haue my liege, leuied those horse and foote,  
According as your charge; and brought them hither.  
Kin. Then let those foote trudge hence vpon those horse,  
According too our discharge and be gonnie:  
Darby Ile looke vpon the Countesse minde anone,  
Der. The Countesse minde my liege,  
Kin. I meane the Emperour, leaue me alone,  
An. What is his minde?

Lets





## *Edward the third.*

Dar: Lets leaue him to his humor. Exiunt.

Kr: Thus from the harts abounding speakes the tongue,  
Countesse for Emperour, and indeed why not?  
She is a simperator ouer me, and I to her  
Am as a kneeling vassale that obserues,  
The pleasure, or displeasure of her eye

*Enter Lodwike.*

Ki: What saies the more then Cleopatras match,  
To Cæsar now?

Lo: That yet my liege ere night,  
She will resolute your maiestie.

Ki: What drum is this that thunders forth this march,  
To start the tender Cupid in my bosome,

Poore shippeskin how it braules with him that beateth it:  
Go breake the thundring parchment bottoime out,

And I will teach it to conduct sweete lynes,  
Vnto the bosome of a heauenly Nymph,

For I will vse it as my writing paper,  
And so reduce him from a scoulding drum,

To be the herald and deare counsaile bearer,  
Betwixt a goddesse, and a mighty king:

Go bid the drummer learne to touch the Lute,  
Or hang him in the braces of his drum,

For now we thinke it an vniuill thing,  
To trouble heauen wrth su ch harsh resounds, Away, *Exit.*

The quarrell that I haue requires no armes,  
But these of myne, and these shall neete my foe,

In a deepe march of penytrable grones,  
My eyes shall be my arrowes, and my sighes

Shall serue me as the vantage of the winde,  
To wherle away my sweetest artillerie:

Ah but alas she winnes the sunne of me,  
For that is she her selfe, and thence it comes,

That Poets tearme, the wanton warriour blinde:  
But loue hath eyes as iudgement to his steps,

Till two much loued glory dazles them?

# The Raigne of King

How now!

Enter Ladwike.

Lo. My liege the drum that stroke the lusty march,  
Stands with Prince Edward your thrice valiant sonne.

Enter Prince Edward.

King. I see the boy, oh how his mothers face,  
Modell'd in his, corrects my straid desire,  
And rates my heart, and chides my thetuish eie,  
Who being rich ennough in seeing her,  
Yet seeketh elsewhere, and basest theft is that,  
Which cannot cloke it selfe on pouertie,  
Now boy, what newes?

Pr. E. I haue assembled my deare Lord and father,  
The choysest buds of all our English blood,  
For our affaires to Fraunce, and heere we come,  
To take direction from your maestie.  
King. Still do I see in him delineate,  
His mothers visage, those his eies are hers,  
Who looking wistly on me, make me blush:  
For faults against themselues, giue evidence,  
Lust as a fire, and me like lanthorne show,  
Light lust within them selues; euен through them seluest  
A way loose filkes or wauering vanitie,  
Shall the large limmit offaire Brittayne.  
By me be ouerthrowne, and shall I not,  
Master this little mansion of my selfe;  
Giue me an Armor of eternall steele,  
I go to conquer kings, and shall I not then  
Subdue my selfe, and be my enimies friend,  
It must not be, come boy forward, aduaunce,  
Let's with our coullours sweete the Aire of Fraunce.

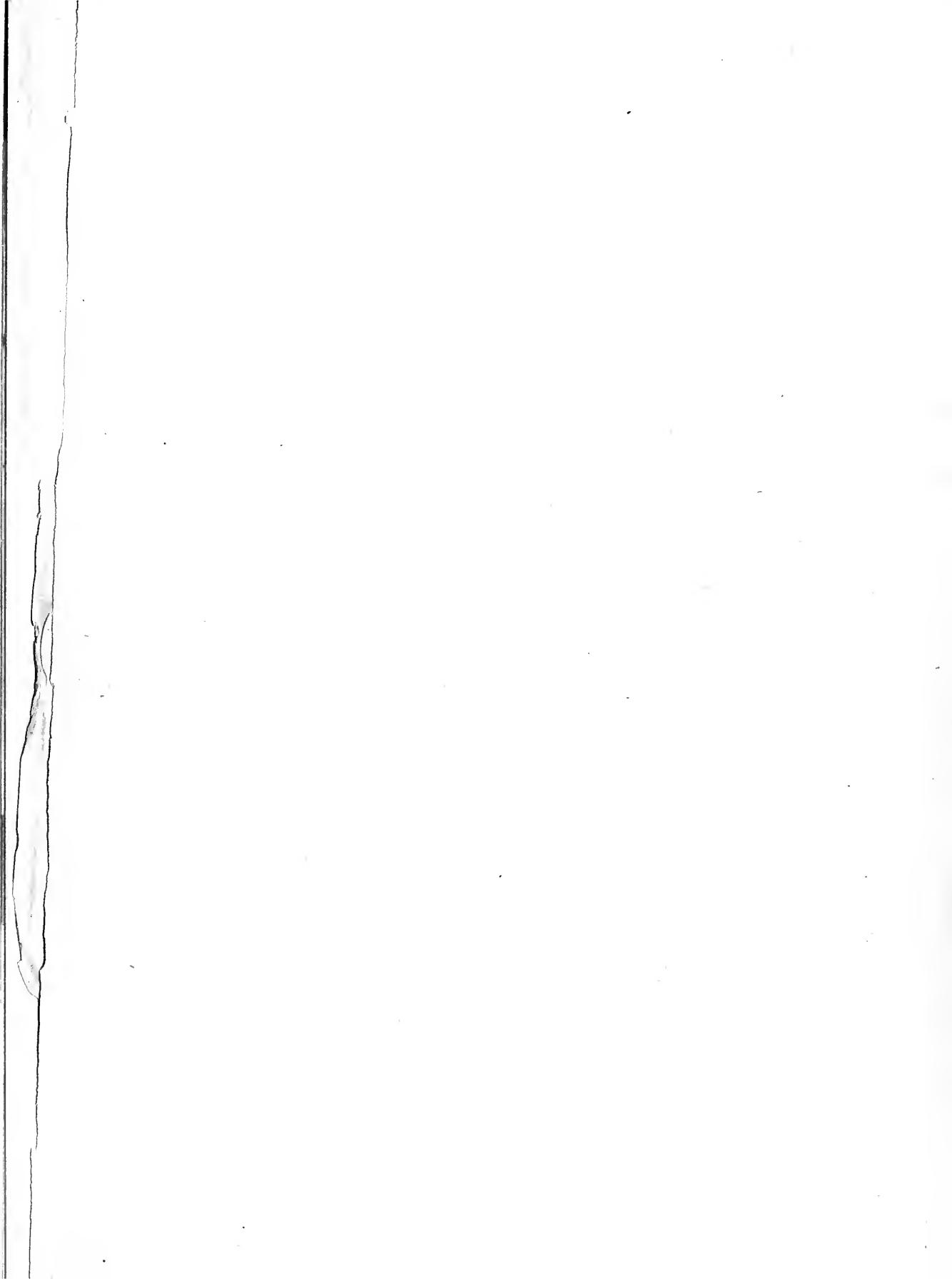
Enter Ladwike.

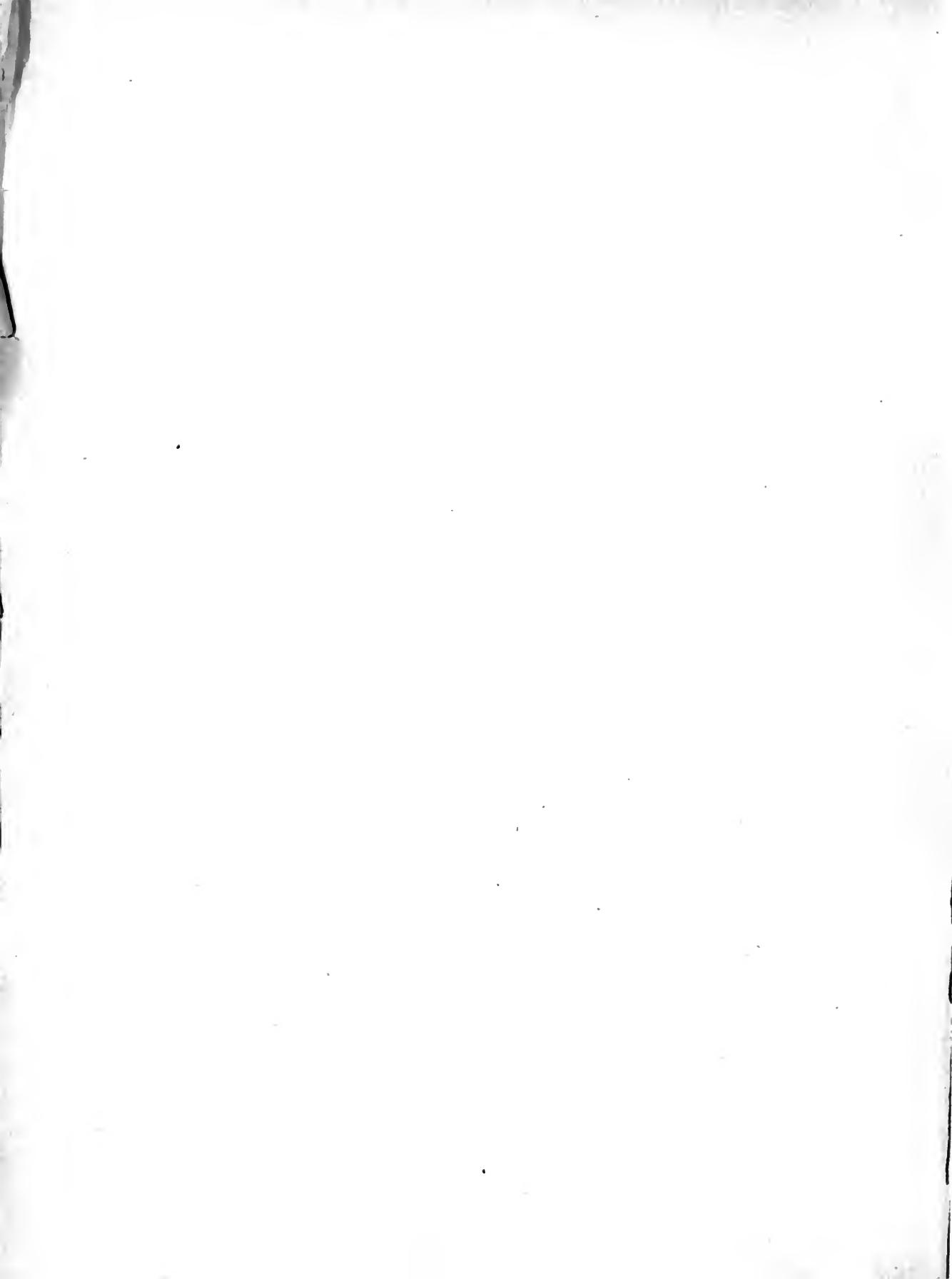
Lo. My liege, the Countesse with a smiling cheere.

Desires accessse vnto your Maestie.

King. Why there it goes, that vertuous smile of hers,

13th





### *Edward the third.*

Hath ransomed captiue Fraunce, and set the King,  
The Dolphin and the Peeres at liberty,  
Goe leaue me Ned, and reuell with thy friends. *Exit Pr.*  
Thy mother is but blacke, and thou like her.  
Dost put it in my minde how soule she is,  
Goe fetch the Countesse hether in thy hauis. *Exit Lord.*  
And let her chase away these winter clouds,  
For shee giues beautie both to heauen and earth,  
The sin is more to hacke and hew poore men,  
Then to embrace in an vnlawfull bed,  
The register of all rareties,  
Since Letherne Adam, till this youngest howre.

*Enter Countesse.*

*King.* Goe Lodwike, put thy hand into thy purse,  
Play, spend, giue, ryot, wast, do what thou wilt,  
So thou wilt hence awhile and leaue me heere.  
Now my soules plaiiefellow art thou come,  
To speake the more then heauenly word of yes,  
To my obiection in thy beautious loue.  
*Count.* My father on his blessing hath commanded.  
*King.* That thou shalтиeld to me.  
*Count.* I deare my liege, your due.

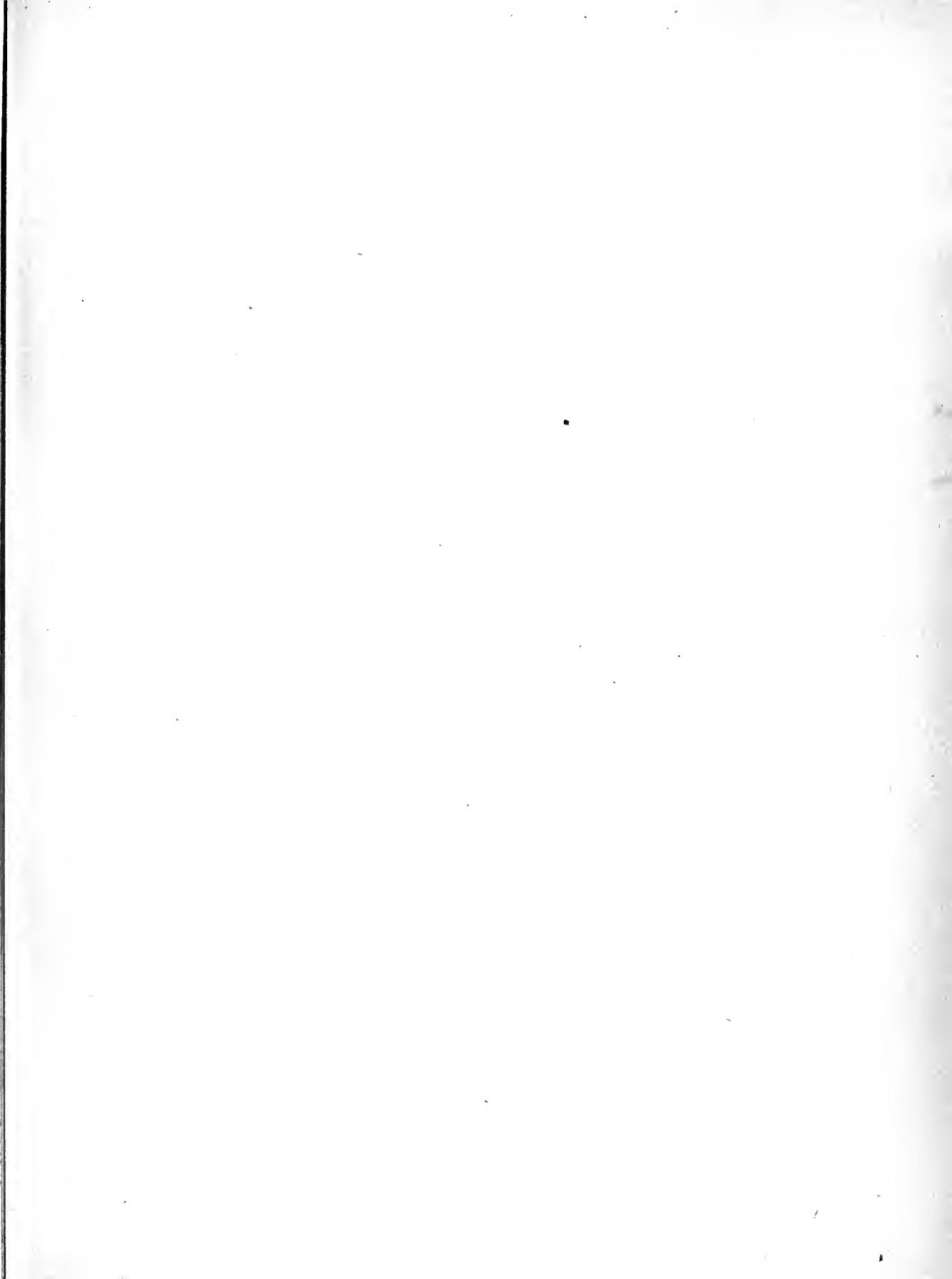
*King.* And that my dearest loue, can be no lesse,  
Then right for right, and render loue for loue.  
*Count:* Then wrong for wrong, and endles hate for hate:  
But fith I see your maiestie so bent,  
That my vnwillingnes, my husbands loue,  
Your high estate, nor no respect respected,  
Can be my helpe, but that your mightines:  
Will ouerbeare and awe these deare regards,  
I bynd thy discontent to my content,  
And what I would not, Ile compell I will,  
Prouided that your selfe remoue those lets,  
That stand betwene your highnes loue and mine,  
*King:* Name then faire Countesse, and by heauen I will.  
*Count.* It is their liues that stand betwene our loue.

*That*

## The Raigne of King

That I would haue chokt vp my soueraigne  
Ki. Whose liues my Lady?  
Co. My thrice loving liege,  
Your Queene, and Salisbur y my wedded husband.  
Who liuing haue that tytle in our loue,  
That we cannot bestow but by their death,  
Ki. Thy opposition is beyond our Law,  
Co. So is your desire, if the law  
Can hinder you to execute the one,  
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:  
I Cannot thinke you loue me as you say,  
Vnlesse you do make good what you haue sworne,  
No mor, ethy husband and the Queene shall dye,  
Fairer thou art by fare, then Hero was,  
Beardles Leander not so strong as I:  
He swome an easie curraunt for his loue,  
But I will throng a hellie spout of bloud,  
To arryue at Cestus where my Hero lyes.  
Co: Nay youle do more, youle make the Ryuer to,  
With their hart blouds, that keepe our loue asunder,  
Of which my husband, and your wife are twayne.  
Ki. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,  
And giues in evidence that they shall dye,  
Upon which verdict I their Judge condigne them,  
Co: O perilurd beautie, more corrupted Judge:  
When to the great Starre-chamber ore our heads,  
The vniuersell Sessions calls to counse,  
This packynge euill, we both shall tremble for it.  
Ki. VVhat saies my faire loue, is she resolute?  
Co. Resolute to be dissolute, and therfore this,  
Keepē but thy word great king, and I am thine,  
Stand where thou dost, ile part a little from the  
And see how I will ycold me to thy hands:  
Here by my side doth hang my wedding knifes,  
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy Queene  
And leame by me to finde her where she lies.

And





## *Edward the third.*

And with this other, Ile dispatch my loue,  
Which now lies fast a sleepe within my hart,  
When they are gone, then Ile consent to loue:  
Stir not a sciuious king to hinder me.  
My resolution is more nimble far,  
Then thy preuation can be in my rescue,  
And if thou stir, I strike, therefore stand still,  
And heare the choyce that I will put thee to:  
Either swaere to leaue thy most vnholie fute,  
And neuer hence forth to solicit me,  
Or else by heauen, this sharpe poyned knyfe,  
Shall staine thy earth, with that which thou would staine:  
My poore chasf blood, swaere Edward swaere,  
Or I will strike and die before thee heere.  
King. Euen by that power I swaere that gives me now,  
The power to be albanmed of my selfe,  
I neuer meane to part my lips againe,  
In any words that tends to such a fute,  
Arise true English Ladie, whom our Ile  
May better boast of then euer Romaine might,  
Of her whose ransackt trealurie hath taskt,  
The vaine indeuor of so many pens:  
Arise and be my fault, thy honors fame,  
Which after ages shall enrich thee with,  
I am awaked from this idle dreame,  
Warwike, my Sonne, Darby, Artoys and Audley,  
Braue warriours all, where are you all this while?

*Enter all.*

Warwike, I make thee Warden of the North,  
Thou Prince of Wales, and Audley straight to Sea,  
Scoure to New-hauen, some there staike for me:  
My selfe, Artoys and Darby will through Flaunders,  
To greete our friends there, and to craue their aide,  
This night will scarce suffice me to discouer,  
My follies sege, against a faithfull louer,  
For ere the Sunne shal guide the esterne skie,

E

Wele

# The Raigne king

Wele wake him with our Marshall harmonie. Exem.

Enter King John of Fraunce, his  
two sonnes, Charles of Nor-  
mandie, and Phillip, and the  
Duke of Lorraine.

King John.

Heere till our Nauie of a thousand saile,  
Haue made a breakfast to our foe by Sea,  
Let vs incampe to wait their happie speede:

Lorraine what readines is Edward in?  
How hast thou heard that he prouided is  
Of marshiall furniture for this exployt.

Lo: To lay aside vnnecessary soothing,  
And not to spend the time in circumstaunce,  
Tis bruted for a certenty my Lord;  
That hees exceeding strongly fortifyed,  
His subiects flocke as willingly to warre,  
*As if vnto a tryumph they were led.*

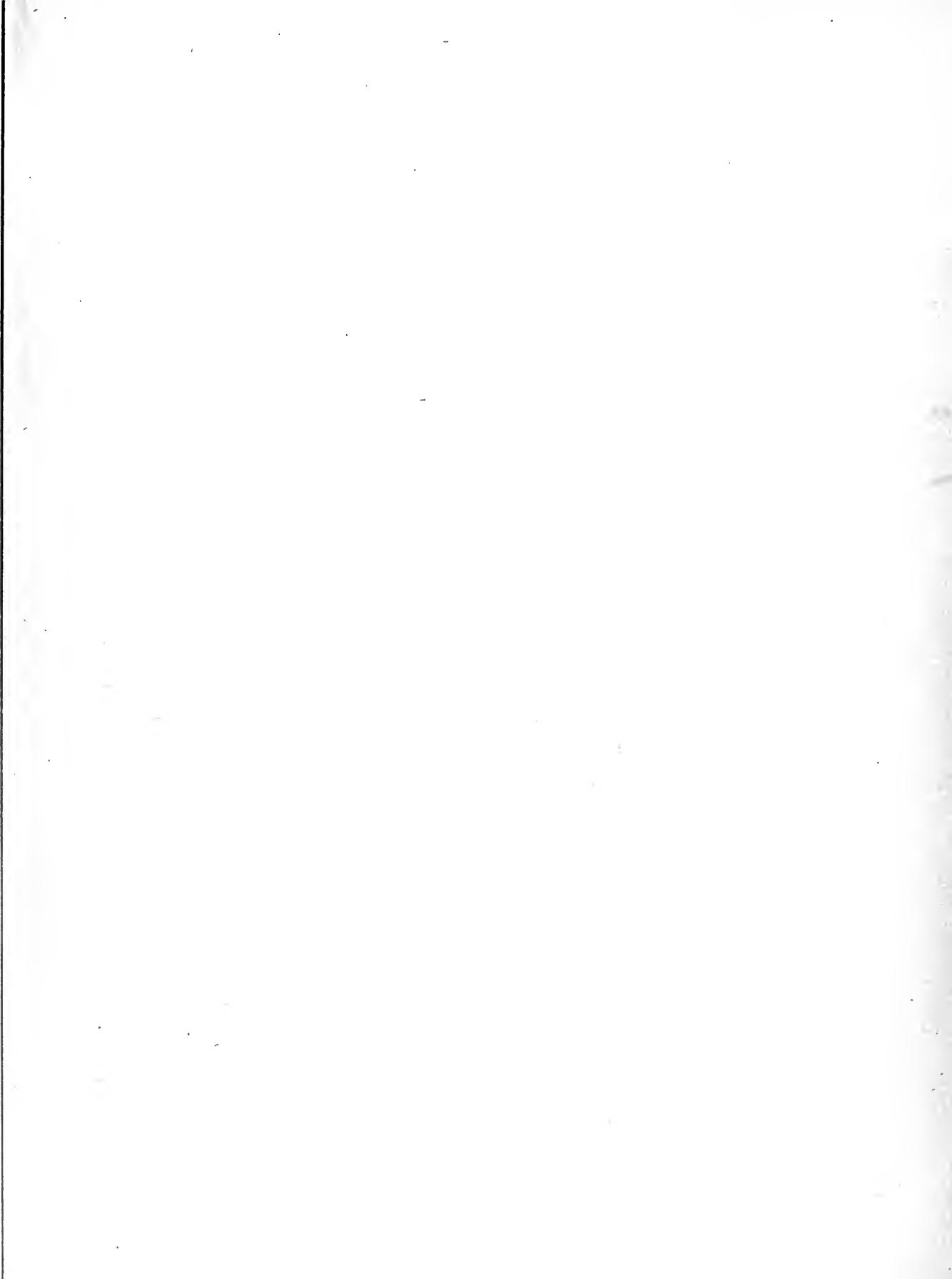
Ch: England was wont to harbour malcontents,  
Blood thirsty, and seditious Cafelynes,  
Spend thrifts, and such as gape for nothing else,  
But changing and alteration of the state,

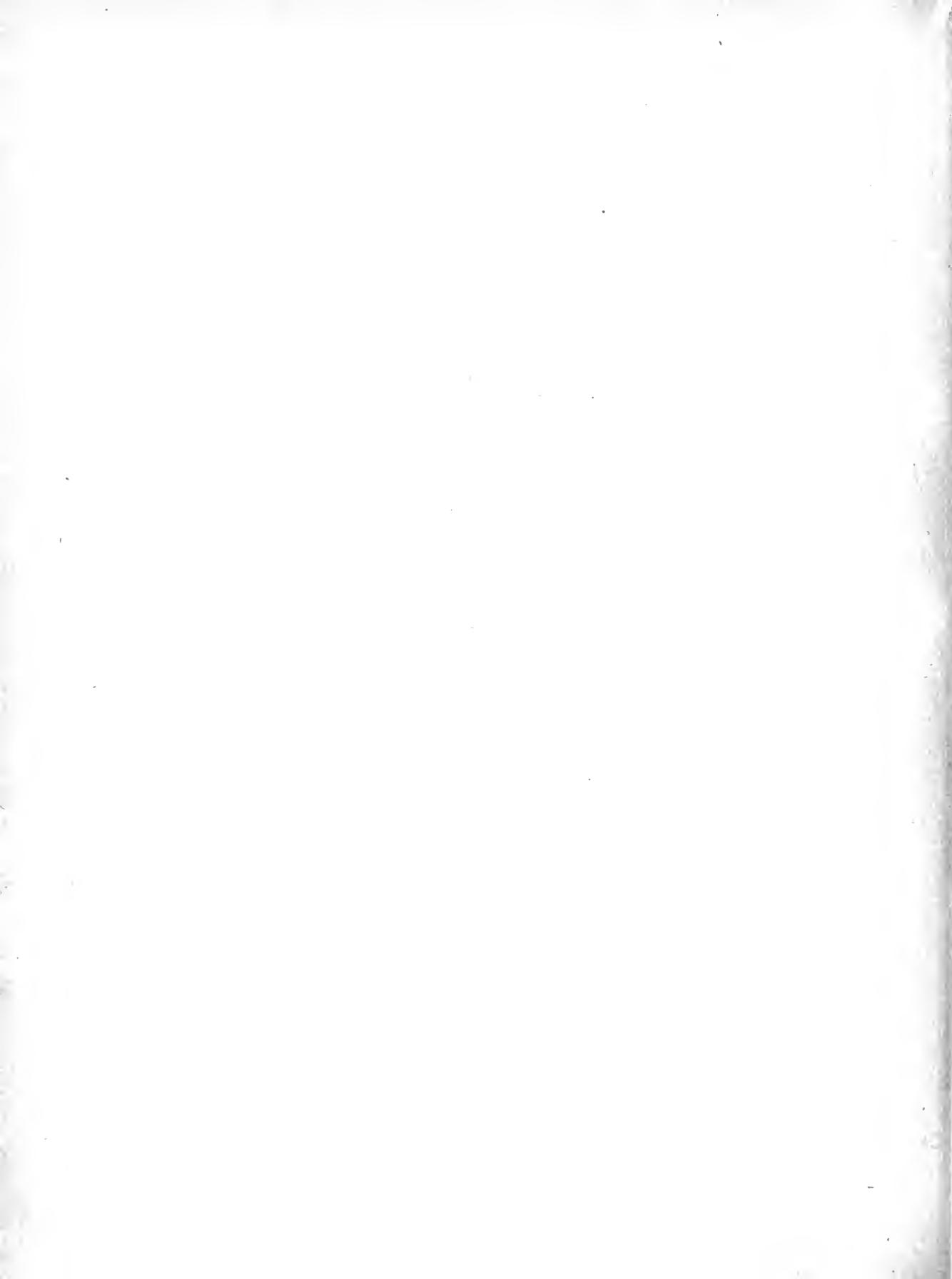
And is it possible,  
That they are now so loyall in them selues?

Lo: All but the Scot, who sollemly protestes,  
As heeretofore I haue enforind his grace,  
Neuer to sheath his sword, or take a truce.

Io: Ah, that's the anchredge of some better hope,  
But on the other side, to thinke what friends,  
King Edward hath retaynd in Netherland,  
Among those euer-bibbing Epicures:

Those





## *Edward the third.*

Those frothy Dutch men, pust with double beere,  
That drinke and swill in euery place they come,  
Doth not a little agrauate mine ire,  
Besides we cheare the Emperor conioynes,  
And stals him in his owne authoritie:  
But all the mightier that their number is,  
The greater glory reapes the victory,  
Some friends haue we beside drum stricke power,  
The sterne Polonian and the warlike Dane:  
The king of Bohemia, and of Cycelic.  
Are all become confederates with vs,  
And as I thinke are marching hither apace,  
But soft I heare the musicke of their drum,  
By which I gesse that their approch is neare.

## *Enter the King of Bohemia with Danes, and a Polonian Captaine with other soldiers another way.*

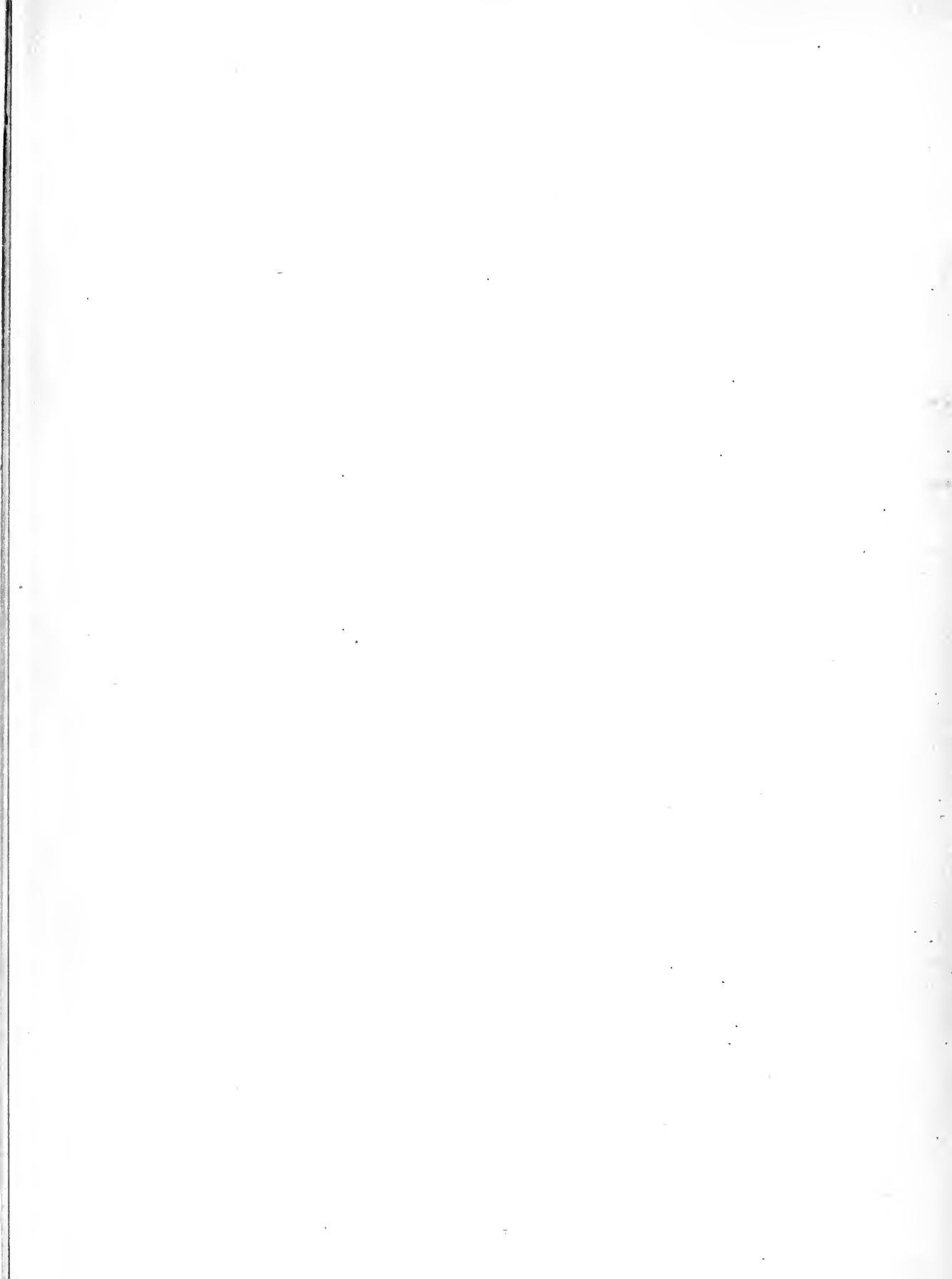
*King of Bohemia,*  
King John of Fraunce, as league and neighborhood,  
Requires when friends are any way distrest,  
I come to aide thee with my countries force,  
*Pol. Cap.* And from great Musco, scarefull to the Turke,  
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardie men,  
I bring these seruitors to fight for thee,  
Who willingly will venture in thy cause,  
K. Jo: Welcome Bohemian king, and welcome all,  
This your great kindnesse I will not forget,  
Besides your plentiful rewards in Crownes,  
That from our Treasury ye shall receiuie,  
There comes a haire brained Nation deckt in pride,  
The spoyle of whome wil be a treble game,  
And now my hope is full, my ioy complete,

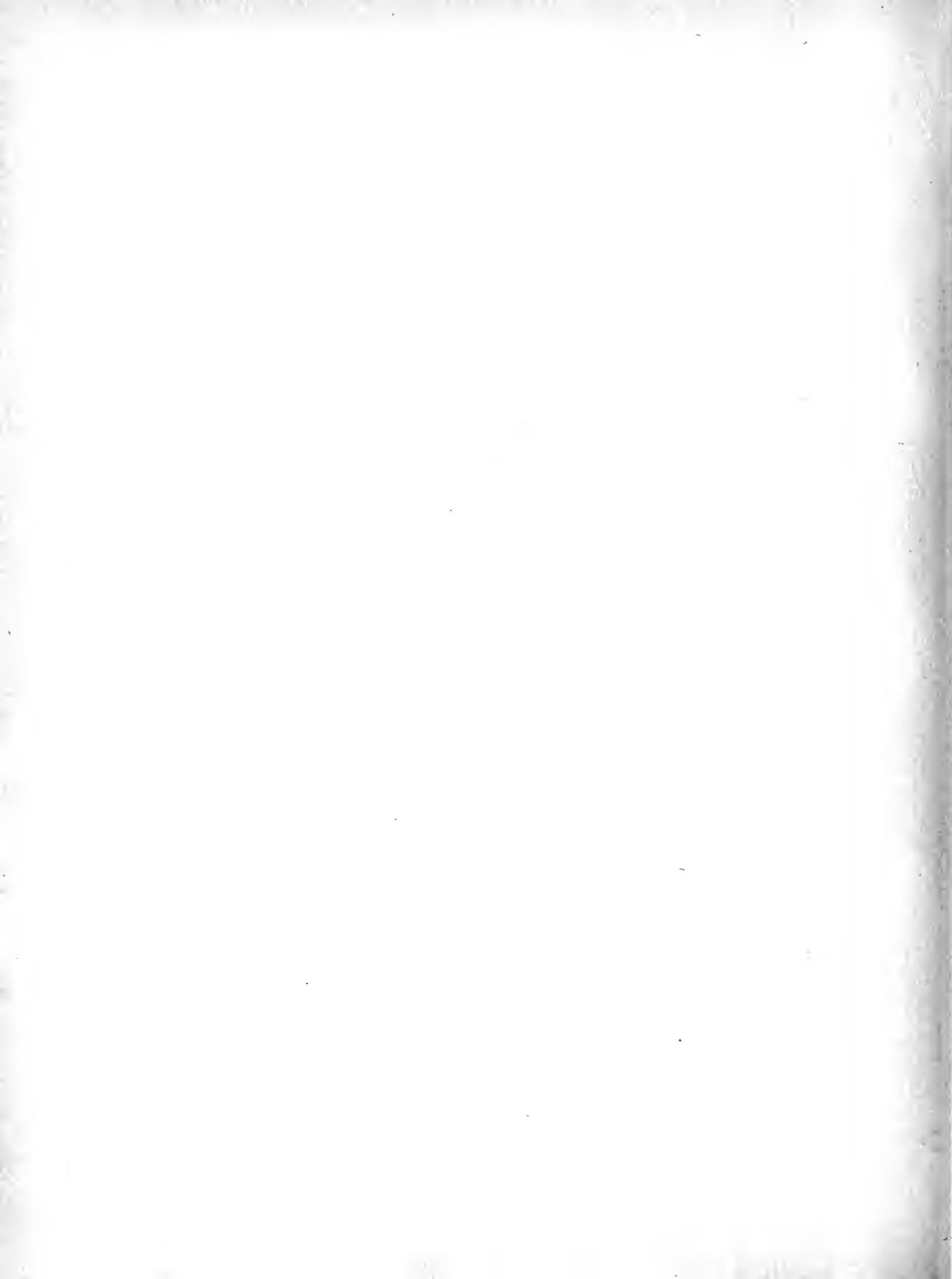
## The Raigne of King

At Sea we are as puissant as the force;  
Of Agamemnon in the Hauen of Troy:  
By land with Zerxes we compare of strength,  
Whose soldiern dranke vp riuers in their thirst:  
Then Bayardlike, blinde ouerweaning Ned,  
To reach at our imperiall dyadem,  
Is either to be swallowed of the waues,  
Or hackett a peeces when thou comest ashore.

*Enter* **M.** *Neere to the cost I haue discrbde my Lord,*  
*As I was busie in my watchfull charge.*  
*The proud Armado of king Edwards Ships,*  
*Which at the first far off when I did keny, drameled*  
*Seemd as it were a groue of withered pines,*  
*But drawing neere, their glorious bright aspect,*  
*Their streaming Ensignes wrought of couloured silke,*  
*Like to a meddow full of sundry flowers,*  
*Adornes the naked bosome of the earth.*  
*Maiesticall the order of their course,*  
*Figuring the horned Circle of the Moone,*  
*And on the top gallant of the Admirall,*  
*And likewise all the handmaides of his trayne:*  
*The Armes of England and of Fraunceynite,*  
*Are quartred equally by Heraldis art;*  
*Thus stately carried with a merrie-gale,*  
*They plough the Ocean hitherward amayne:*  
*Dare he already crop the Flewer de Luce:*  
*I hope the hony being gathered thence,*  
*He with the spider afterward approcht*  
*Shall sucke forth deadly venom from the leaues,*  
*But wheres out Navy, how are they prepared,*  
*To wing them selues against this flight of Rauens.*  
*M. They hauing knowledge brought them by the scouts,*  
*Did breake frop Anchor straight, and pust with rage,*  
*No otherwise then were their sailes with winde,*  
*Made forth, as when the empty Eagle flies,*

To





## *Edward the third.*

To satifice his hungrye griping mawe.  
Io: Thees for thy newes, returne vnto thy barke,  
And if thou scape the bloody strooke of warre,  
And do suruiue the conflict, come againe,  
And let vs heare the manner of the fight. Exit.  
Meane space my Lords, tis best we be disperst,  
To seuerall places least they chaunce to land:  
First you my Lord, with your Bohemian Troupes,  
Shall pitch your battailes on the lower hand,  
My eldest sonne the Duke of Normaudie,  
Togither with this aide of Muscouites,  
Shall clyme the higher ground an other waye:  
Heere in the middle cost betwixtyou both,  
Phillip my yongest boy and I will lodge,  
So Lords be gon, and looke vnto your charge. Exiunt.  
You stand for Fraunce, an Empire faire and large,  
Now tell me Phillip, what is their concept,  
Touching the challenge that the English make.  
*Ph:* I say my Lord, clayme Edward what he can,  
And bring he nere so playne a pedegree,  
Tis you are in possession of the Crowne,  
And thats the surest poynt of all the Law:  
But were it not, yet ere he shold preuaile,  
Ile make a Conduit of my dearest blood,  
Or chase those stragling yplarts home againe,  
*King:* Well said young Phillip, call for bread and Wine,  
That we may cheere our stomacks with repast, The basteſſell  
To looke our foes more sternely in the face. hard of farr  
Now is begun the heauie day at Sea, off.  
Fight Frenchmen, fight, be like the filde of Beares,  
VWhen they defend their younglings in their Caues:  
Stir angry Nemesis the happie helme,  
That with the sulphurbattels of your rage,  
The English Fleete may be disperst and sunke,  
*Ph:* O Father how this eckoing Cannon shot. Shop.  
Like sweete hermonie disgests my cates.

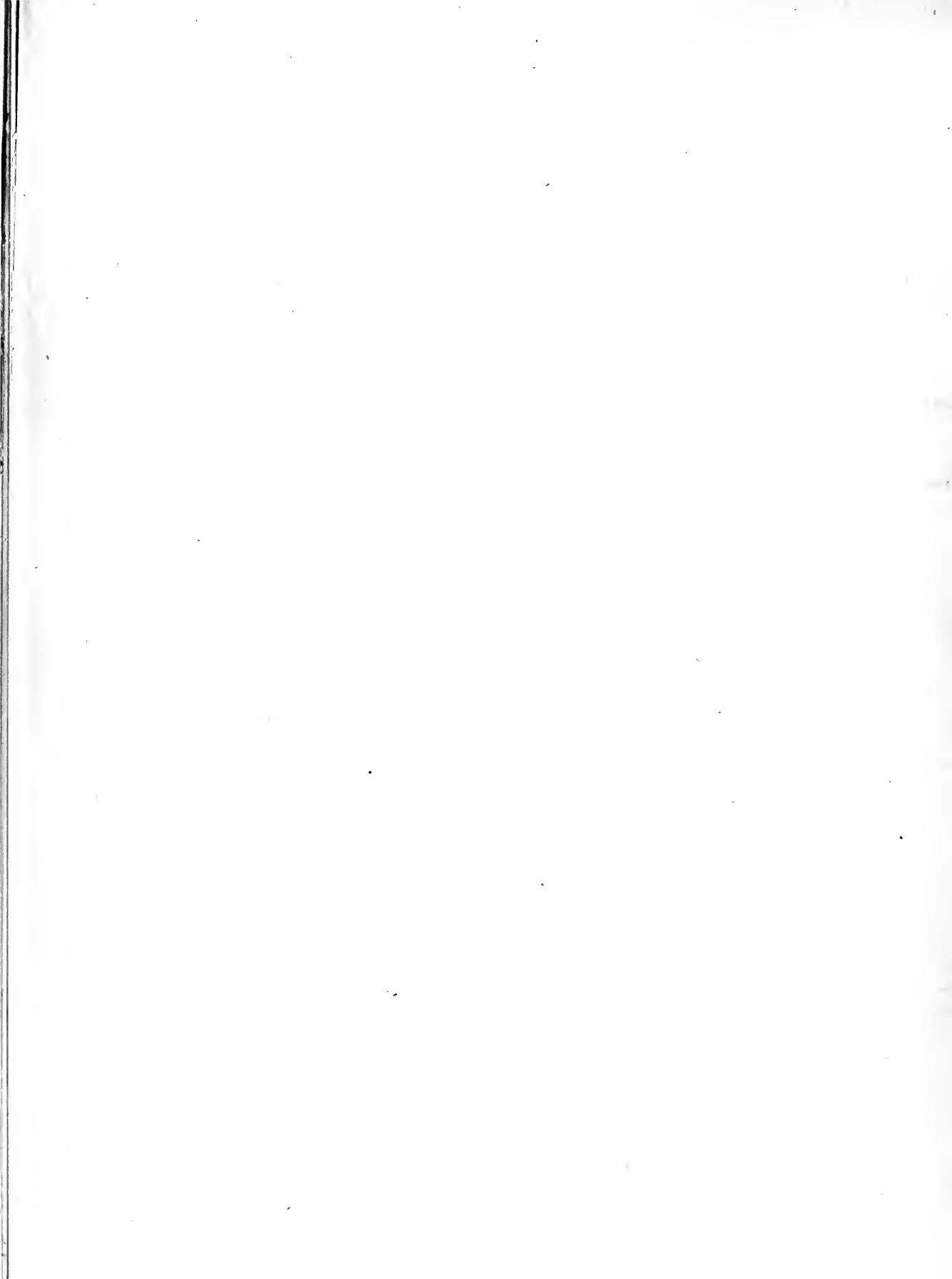
## The Raigne of king

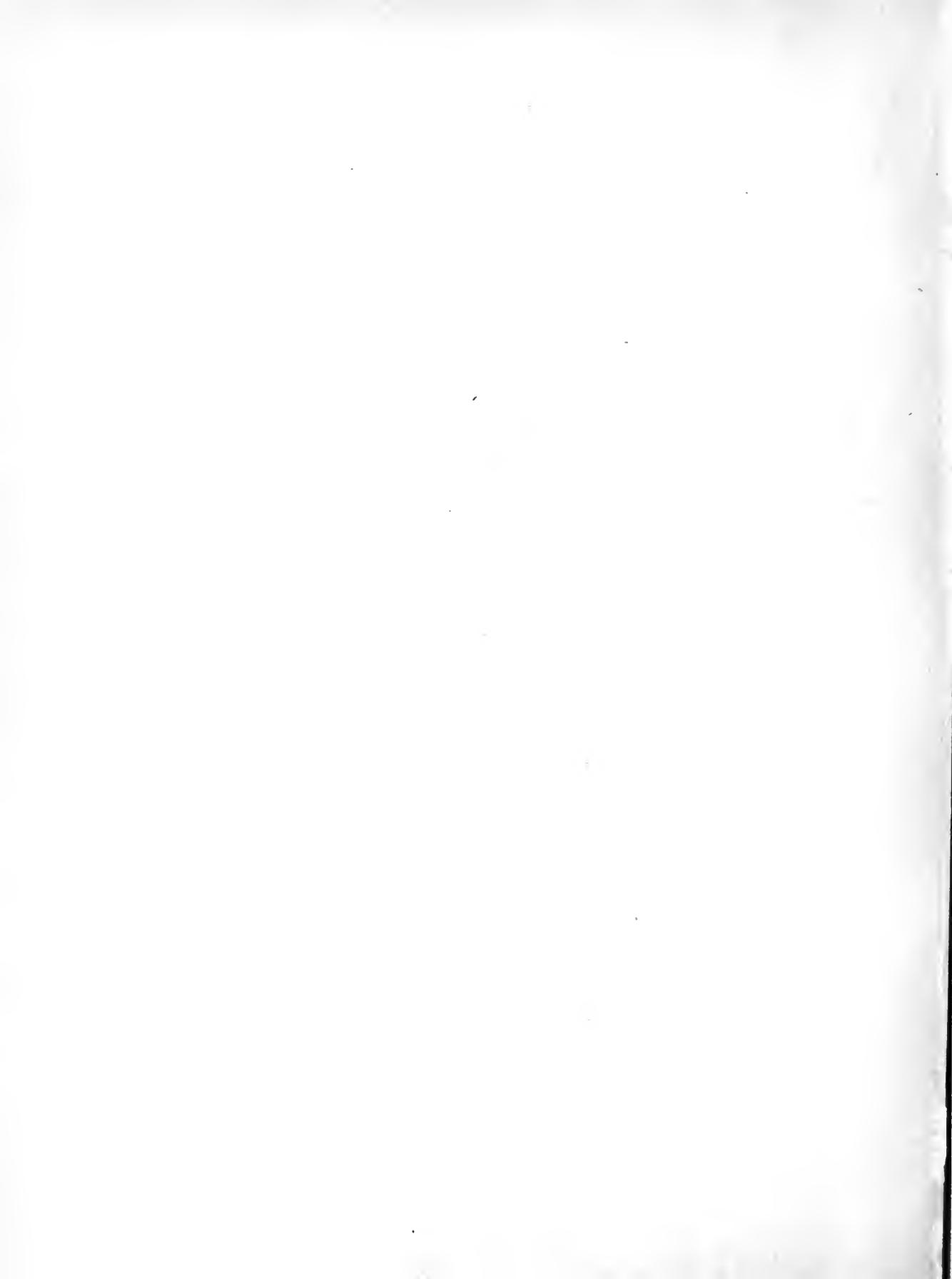
Now boy thou hearest what thundring terror tis,  
To buckle for a kingdomes souerentie,  
The earth with giddie trembling when it shakes,  
Or when the exalations of the aire,  
Breakes in extremite of lightning flash,  
Affrights not more then kings when they dispose,  
To shew the rancor of their high swolne harts,  
Retreac is sounded, one side hath the worse,  
O if it be the French, sweete fortune turne,  
And in thy turning change the forward winds,  
That with aduantage of a sauoring skie,  
Our men may vanquish and thither flic.

Enter Mariner.

My hart misgives, say mirror of pale death,  
To whome belongs the honor of this day,  
Relate I pray thee, if thy breath will serue,  
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.  
*Mar.* I will my Lord.  
My gratiouse soueraigne, Fraunce hath tane the soyle,  
And boasting Edward triumphs with successe;  
These Iron herted Naues,  
When last I was reporter to your grace,  
Both full of angry spleene of hope and feare;  
Hasting to meete each other in the face,  
At last conioynd, and by their Admirall,  
Our Admirall encountered manie shot,  
By this the other that beheld these twaine,  
Giue earnest peny of a further wracke,  
. Like fiery Dragons tooke their haughty flight,  
And likewise meeting from their smoky wombes,  
Sent many grym Embassadors of death,  
Then gan the day to turne to gloomy night,  
And darkenes did aswel inclose the quicke,  
As those that were but newly rest of life,  
No leasure serud for friends to bid farewell,  
And if it had, the hideous noise was such,

As





## *Edward the third.*

As ech to other seemed deafe and dombe,  
Purple the Sea whose channel fild as fast,  
With streaming gore that from the maymed sell,  
As did her gushing moysture breake into,  
The cranny cleftures of the through shot planks,  
Heere flew a head dissuuered from the tronke,  
There mangled armes and legs were tost aloft,  
As when a wherle winde takes the Summer dust,  
And scatters it in middile of the aire,  
Then inight ye see the reeling vessels split,  
And tottering sink into the ruthlesse floud,  
Vntill their lofty tops were seene no more.  
All shifts were tried both for defence and hurt,  
And now the effect of vallor and offorce,  
Of resolution and of a cowardise:  
We liuely pictured, how the one for fame;  
The other by compulsion laid about;  
Much did the *Nom per illa*, that braue ship,  
So did the blacke snake of Bullen, then which  
A bonnier vessel never yet spred sayle,  
But all in vaine, both Sunne, the Wine and tyde,  
Reuolted all vnto our soe mens side,  
That we perforne were sayne to giue them way,  
And they are landed, thus my tale is donne,  
We haue vntimly lost, and they haue woone.  
K, Io: Then rests there nothing but with present spedde,  
To ioyne our several forces al in one,  
And bid them battaile ere they rainge to farre,  
Come gentle Phillip, let vs hence depart,  
This souldiers words haue peris thy fathers hart.      *Exeunt*  
*Enter two French men, a Woman and two little Children,*  
*meet them another Citizen.*  
One: Wel met my masters: how now, what's the newes,  
And wherefore are ye laden thus with stuppe:  
What is it quarter daie that you remoue,  
And carrie bag and baggage too?

*Two Quarter*

## The Raigne of King

Two: Quarter day, I and quartering pay I feare:  
Haue we not heard the newes that flies abroad?

One: What newes?

Three: How the French Navie is destroyd at Sea,  
And that the English Armie is arruied.

One: What then?

Two: Whatthen quoth you? why ist no time to flie,  
When enuie and destruction is so nigh,

One: Content thee man, they are farte enough from hence,  
And will be met I warrant ye to their cost,  
Before they breake so far into the Realme.

Two: I so the Grashopper doth spend the time,  
In mirthfull iollitie till Winter come,

And then too late he would redeeme his time,  
When frozen cold hath nipt his carelesse head:

He that no sooner will prouide a Cloake,  
Then when he sees it doth begin to raigne,

May peraduenture for his negligence,  
Be throughly washed when he suspects it not,  
We that haue charge, and such a trayne as this,  
Must looke in time, to looke for them and vs,  
Least when we would, we cannot be reliued.

One: Be like you then dispaire of ill successse,  
And thinke your Country will be subiugate.

Three: We cannot tell, tis good to feare the worl.

One: Yet rather fight, then like vnnaturall sonnes,  
Forsake your louing parents in distresse,

Two: Tush they that haue already taken armes,  
Are manie fearefull millions in respect

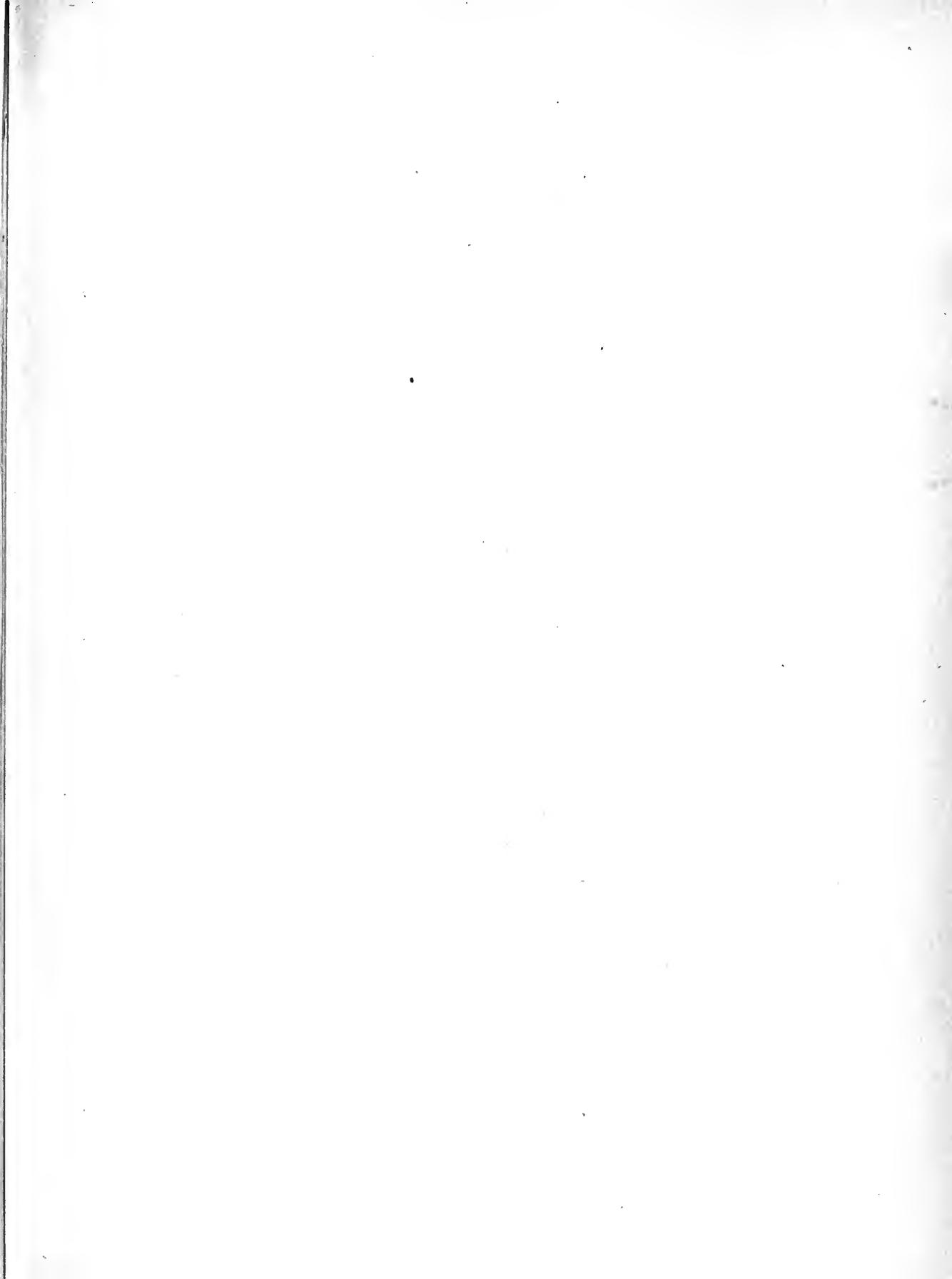
Of that small handfull of our enimies:

Butt is a rightfull quarrell must preuaile,  
Edward is sonne vnto our late kings sister,  
Where John Valoys, is three degrees remoued.

Two: Besides, there goes a Prophesie abroad,  
Published by one that was a Fryer once,

Whose Oracles haue many times prooued true,

And





## *Edward the third.*

And now he sayes the tyme will shortly come,  
When as a Lyon row sed in the west,  
Shall carie hence the fuent de luce of France,  
These I can tell yee and such like surmises,  
Strike many french men cold vnto the heart:

*Enter a French man.*

Flie country men and cytizens of France,  
Sweete flowring peace the roote of happie life,  
Is quite a abandoned and expulst the lande,  
In stead of whome ransackt constraining warre,  
Syts like to Rauens vpon your houses topps,  
Slaughter and mischisfe walke within your streets.  
And vnrestrained make haueock as they passe,  
The forme whereof cuen now my selfe beheld,  
Vpon this faire mountaine whence I came,  
For so far of as I directed mine eies,  
I might perceave five Cities all on fire,  
Corne fieldes and vineyards burning like an ouen,  
And as the leaking vapour in the wind,  
Itourned but a side I like wise might differne.  
The poore inhabitants escapt the flame,  
Fall numberles vpon the souldiers pikes,  
Threc waies these dredfull ministers of wrath,  
Do tread the measures o their tragicke match,  
Vpon the right hand comes the conquering King,  
Vpon the leste is hot vnbridled sonne,  
And in the midst our nations glittering haost,  
All which though distant yet conspire in one,  
To leaue a desolation where they come,  
Flie therfore Citizens if you be wise,  
Seeke out som habitation futher of,  
Here if you stie your wiues will be a bused,  
Your nesone shalde before your wypingeies,  
Shelter you yout schles for now the sicinc dethrise,

F

## The Raigne of King

Away, away, me thinks I heare their drums,  
 An wretched France, I greatly feare thy fal,  
 Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

Enter King Edward and the Erle of Darby  
 With Souldiors, and Gobin de Graie.

Kin: Wheres the French man by whose cunning guide,

We found the shalow of this Riuier Sone;

And had direction how to passe the sea;

Go: Here my good Lord.

Kin: How art thou calde, tell me thy name.

Go: Gobin de Graie if please your excellencie,

Kin: Then Gobin for the seruice thou hast done,

We here inlarge and giue thee liberty,

And for recompenc beside this good,

Thou shalt receiue fие hundred markes in golde,

I know not how we should haue met our sonne;

Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter Artoye.

Good newes my Lord the prince is hard at hand,

And with him comes Lord Awdley and the rest,

Whome since our landing we could neuer meet.

Enter Prince Edward, Lord Awdley and Souldiers.

K.E: Welcome faire Prince, how haft thou sped my sonne,

Since thy arriall on the coaste of Fraunce?

Pr.Ed: Successfullie I thanke the gratious heauens,

Some of their strongest Cities we haue wonne,

As Harlen, Lie, Crotag, and Carentigne,

And others wasted, leauing at our heeles,

A wide apparant feild and beaten path,

For sollitarines to progresse in.

Yet those that would submit we kindly pardned,

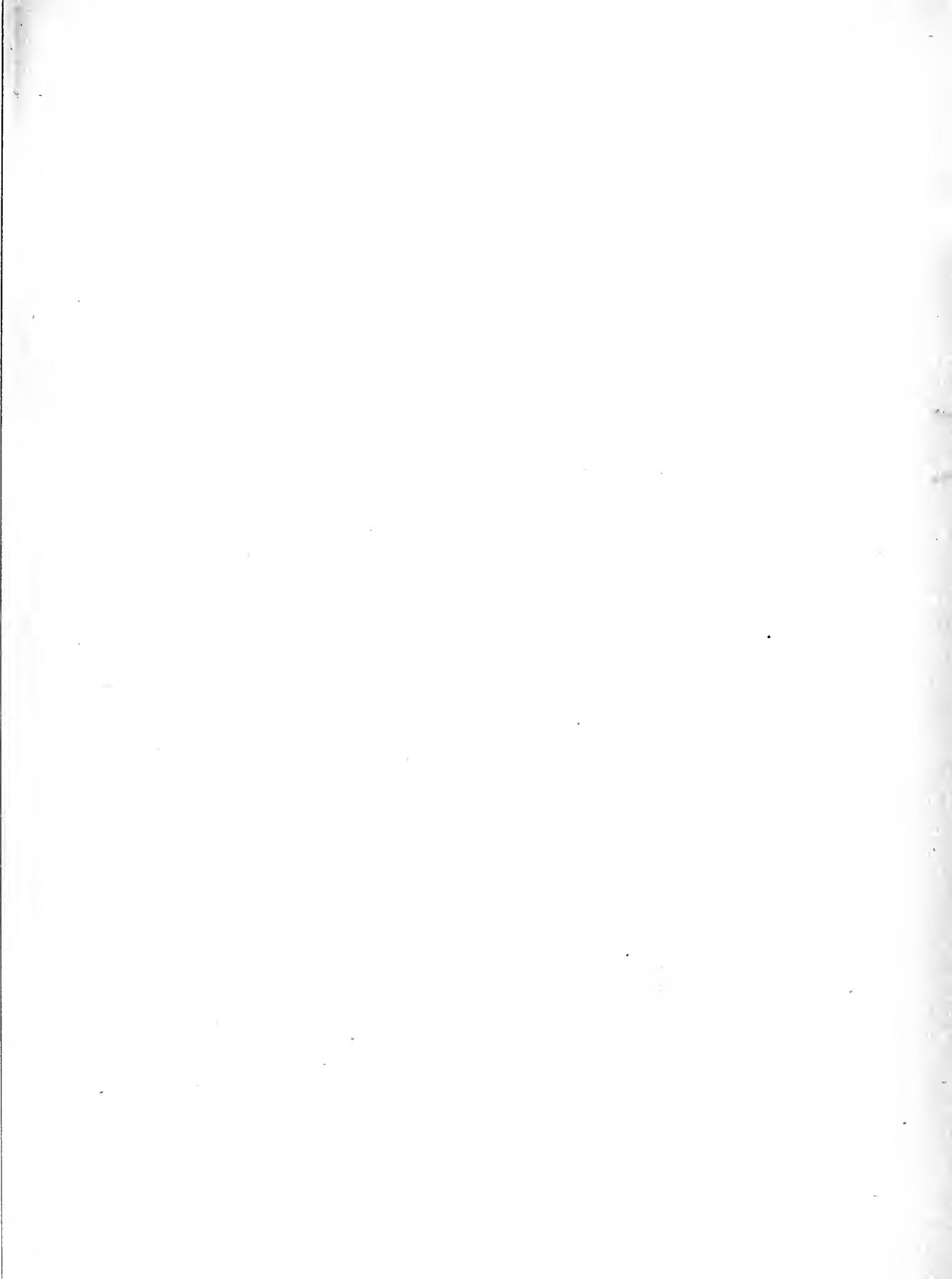
For who in scorne refused our posffered peace,

Indurde the penaltie of sharpe reuenge.

Ki.Ed: Ali Fraunce, why shouldest thou be this obstinate,

Agaynst the kind embracement of thy friends,

How





## *Edward the third.*

How gently had we thought to touch thy brest,  
And set our foot vpon thy tender mould,  
But that in froward and disdainfull pride  
Thou like a skittish and vntamed coult,  
Dost start aside and strike vs with thy heeles,  
But tel me Ned, in all thy warlike course,  
Hast thou not seenne the vslurping King of Fraunce.  
*Pri.* Yes my good Lord, and not two owers ago,  
With full a hundred thousand fighting men,  
Vppon the one side with the riuers banke,  
And on the other both his multitudes,  
I feard he would haue cropt our smaller power,  
But happily perceiving your approch,  
He hath with drawen himselfe to Cressey plaines,  
Where as it seemeth by his good arie.  
He meanes to byd vs bataile presently,  
*Kin. Ed.* He shall be welcome that the thing we craue.  
*Enter King Iohn, Dukes of Normandy and Lorraine, King of Boheme, yong Philiip, and Souldiers.*

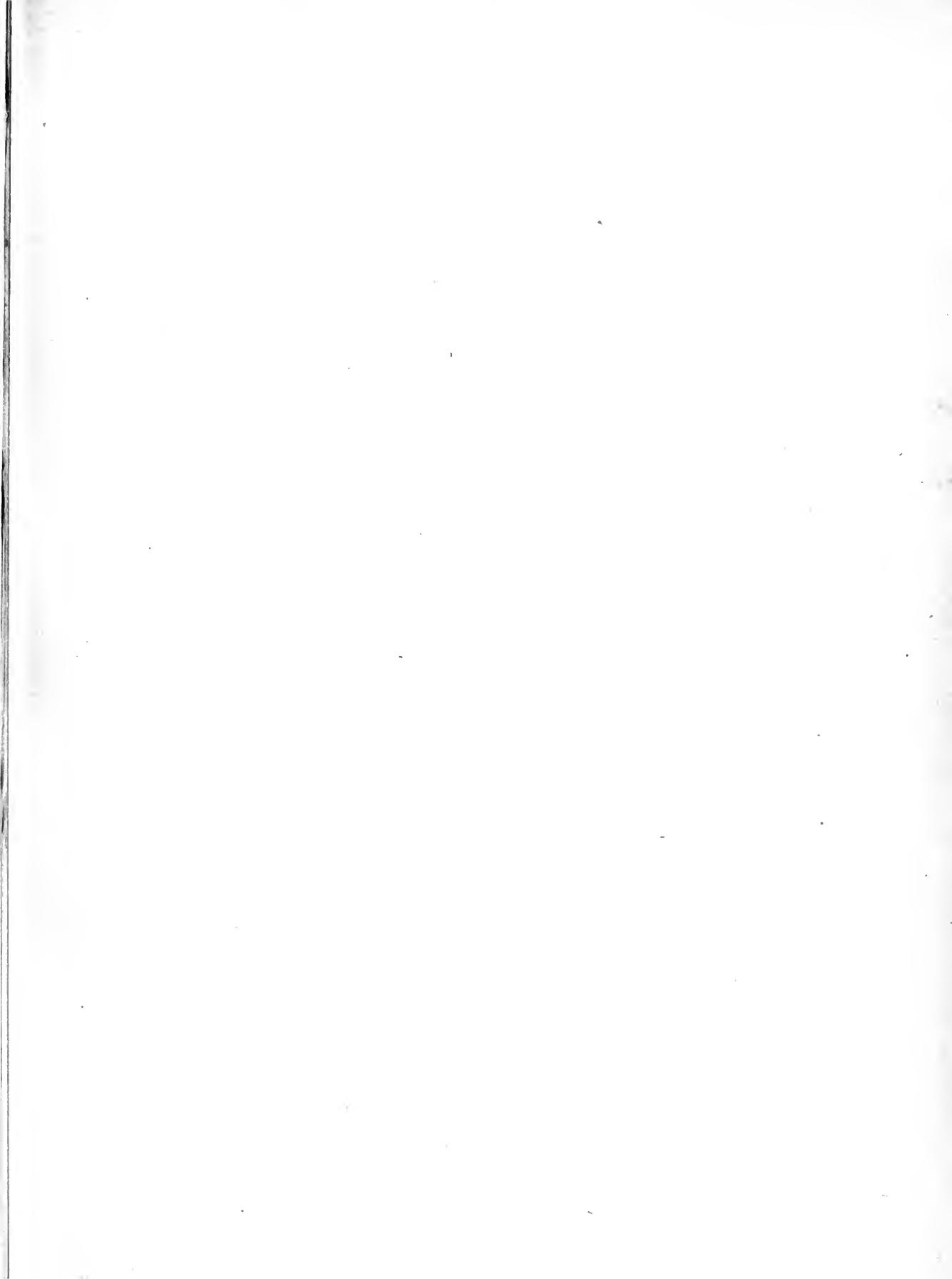
*Iohn,* Edward know that Ichn the true king of Fraunce,  
Musing thou shouldest incroach vppon his land,  
And in thy tyranous proceeding slay,  
His faithfull subiects, and subvert his Townes,  
Spits in thy face, and in this manner folowing,  
Obraids thee with thine artogant intrusion,  
First I condeme thee for a fugitiue,  
A theeuish mate, and a needie mate,  
One that hath either no abyding place,  
Or else inhabiting some baraine soile,  
Where neither hearb or fiumfull graine is had,  
Doeft altogether liue by pilfering,  
Next, insomuch thou hast infringed thy faith,  
Broke leage and solemn necouenant made with mee,  
I should thee for a false, pernitious wretch,  
And last of all, although I scorne to cope.

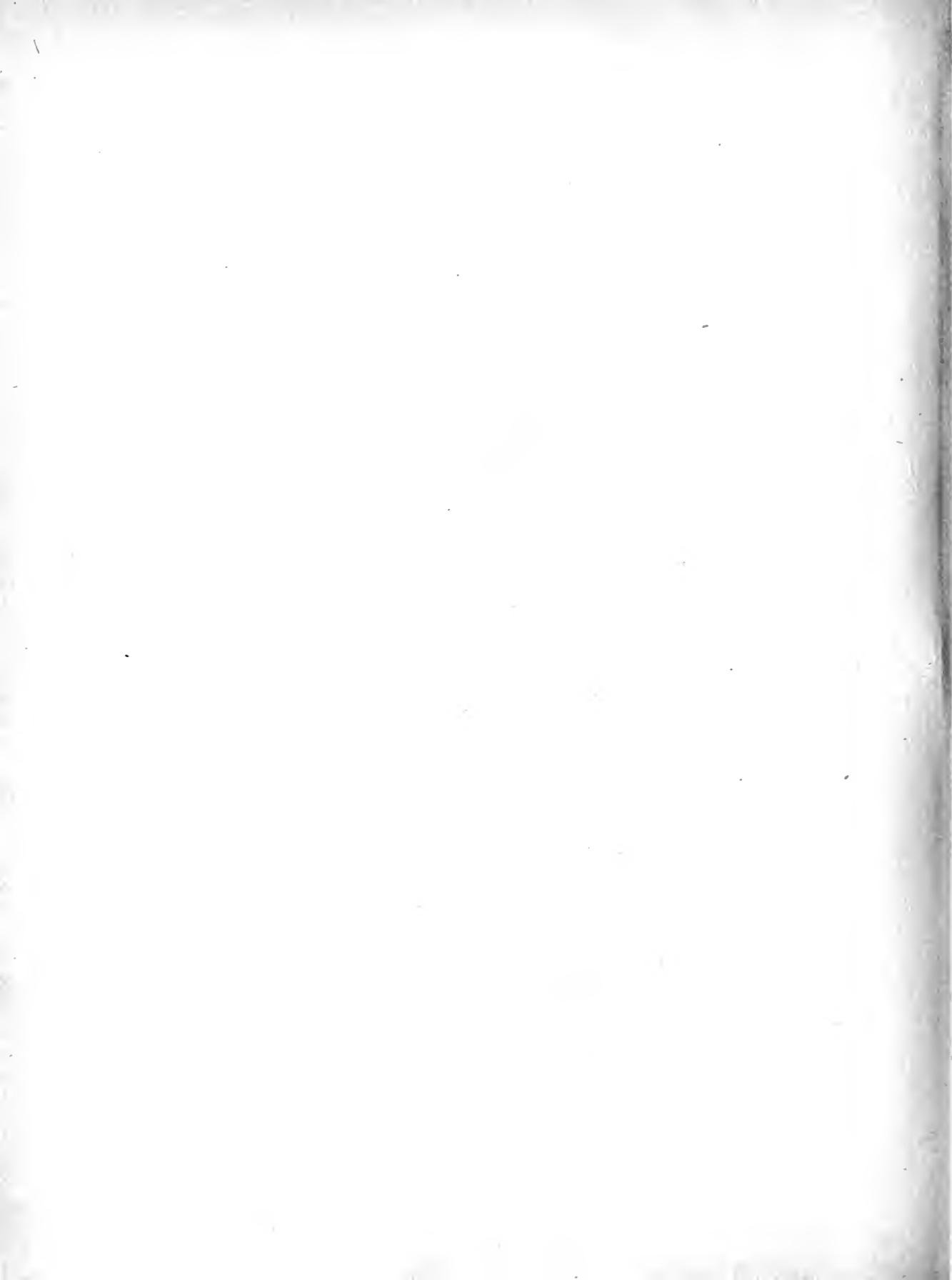
With

## The Raigne of King

With one such inferiour to my selfe,  
Yet in respect thy thrist is all for golde,  
They labour rather to be feared then loued,  
To satisfie thy lust in either parte  
Heere am I come and with me haue I brought,  
Exceding store of treasure, perle, and coyne,  
Leave therfore now to persecute the weake;  
And arm'd entring conflict with the arm'd,  
Let it be scene mongest other peticie thefts,  
How thou canst win this pillage manfully.  
K: Ed: If gall or wormwood haue a pleasant tast,  
Then is thy salutation hony sweete,  
But as the one hath no such propertie,  
So is the other most satiricall:  
Yet wot how I regarde thy worthles cants,  
If thou haue vtred them to foile my fame,  
Or dyn the reputation of my birth,  
Know that thy woluish barking cannot hurt,  
If flylie to infinuate with the worlde,  
And with al strumpets artificiall line,  
To painte thy vicious and deformed cause,  
Bee well assured the counterfeit will fade,  
And in the ende thy fowle defects boseen,  
But if thou didst it to prouoke me on,  
As who should say I were but timorous,  
Or coldly negligent did need a spurre,  
Bethinke thy selfe howe slackelb was at sea  
Now since my landing I haue wonn no townes,  
Entered no further but vpon the coast,  
And there haue euier since securelic slepe,  
But if I haue bin other wise imployd,  
Imagin Valoye whereth I intende  
To shirnish, not for pillage but for the Crowne,  
Which thou dost weare and that I vowe to haue,  
Or one of vs shall fall into this graue.

Pr Ed: Looke





## *Edward the third.*

*Pri Ed:* Looke not for crosse inuestigations at our hands,  
Or rayling execrations of despight,  
Let creeping serpents hide in hollow banckes,  
Sting with theyr tongues; we haue remorseles fwordes,  
*And* they shall pleade for vs and our affaires,  
Yet thus much bresly by my fathers leaue,  
*As* all the immodeſt poyson of thy throat,  
Is ſcandalous and moft notorious lyes,  
*And* our pretended quarell is truly iulf,  
So end the battaile when we meet to daie,  
May eyther of vs proſper and preuaile,  
Or luckles curſt, receue eternall shame.

*Kin Ed:* That needs no further queſtion, and I knowe  
His conſcience witneſſeth it is my right,

Therfore Valoys ſay, wilt thou yet reſigne,  
Before the ſickles thrust into the Corne,

Or that inkindled fury, turne to flame:

*Ioh:* Edward I know what right thou haſt in France,  
And ere I basely will reſigne my Crowne,

This Champion field ſhall be a poole of bloude,  
And all our proſpect as a slaughter house,

*Pr Ed:* I that approves thee tyrant what thou art,  
No father, king, or ſhepherd of thy realme,  
But one that teares her entrailes with thy handes,  
*And* like a thirſtie tyger ſuckſt her bloud.

*And:* You peers of France, why do you follow him,  
That is ſo prodigall to ſpend your liues?

*Cb:* Whom ſhould they follow, aged impotent,  
But he that is their true borne ſoueraignc?

*Kin:* Obraideit thou him, because within his face,  
Time hath ingrav'd deep caracters of age:

Know that theſe graue ſchollers of expeſience,  
Like ſtiffe growen oakes, will ſtand immouable,  
When whitle wind quickly turns vp yonger treēs.

*Dar.* Was euer arie of thy fathers house king,  
But thyfelfe, before this preſent time,

Edwards great linage by the mothers ſide,

## The Raigne of King

Fve hundred yeeres hath helde the scepter vp,  
Iudge then conspiratours by this descent,

Which is the true boyns soueraigne this or that.

*Prs:* Father range you battailes, prate no more,  
These English faine woulde spend the time in wodrs,

That night approaching, they myght escape vnfought.

*K. Ioh:* Lords and my louing Subjectes knowes the time,

I hat your intended force must bide the touch,

Therefoie my frinds consider this in breefe,

He thar you fight for is your naturall King,

He against v hom yu fight a forrener,

He that you fight for rukis in clemencie,

And i aunes you with a milde and gentle byr,

He against v home you fight if hee preuaile,

Will straight introne himselfe in tyrranie,

Make slaues of you, and with a beauie hand

Curtall and courb your swete libertie.

Then to protect your Country and your King,

Let but the haughty Courage of your hartes,

Answere the number of your able hantes,

And we shall quicklie chase their fugitives,

For whatis this Edward but a belly god,

A tender and lasciuious wantonnes,

That thother daie was almost dead for loue,

And what I prae you is his goodly gard,

Such as but scant them of their chunes of beefe,

And take awaie their downie featherbedes,

And presently they are as resty stiffe,

As twere a many overriden jades,

Then French men scorne that such shoulde be your Lords

And rather bind ye them in captiue bands,

*All Fra:* Vnkle Roy, God sau King John of France.

*Io:* Now on this plaine of Cressie spred your selues,

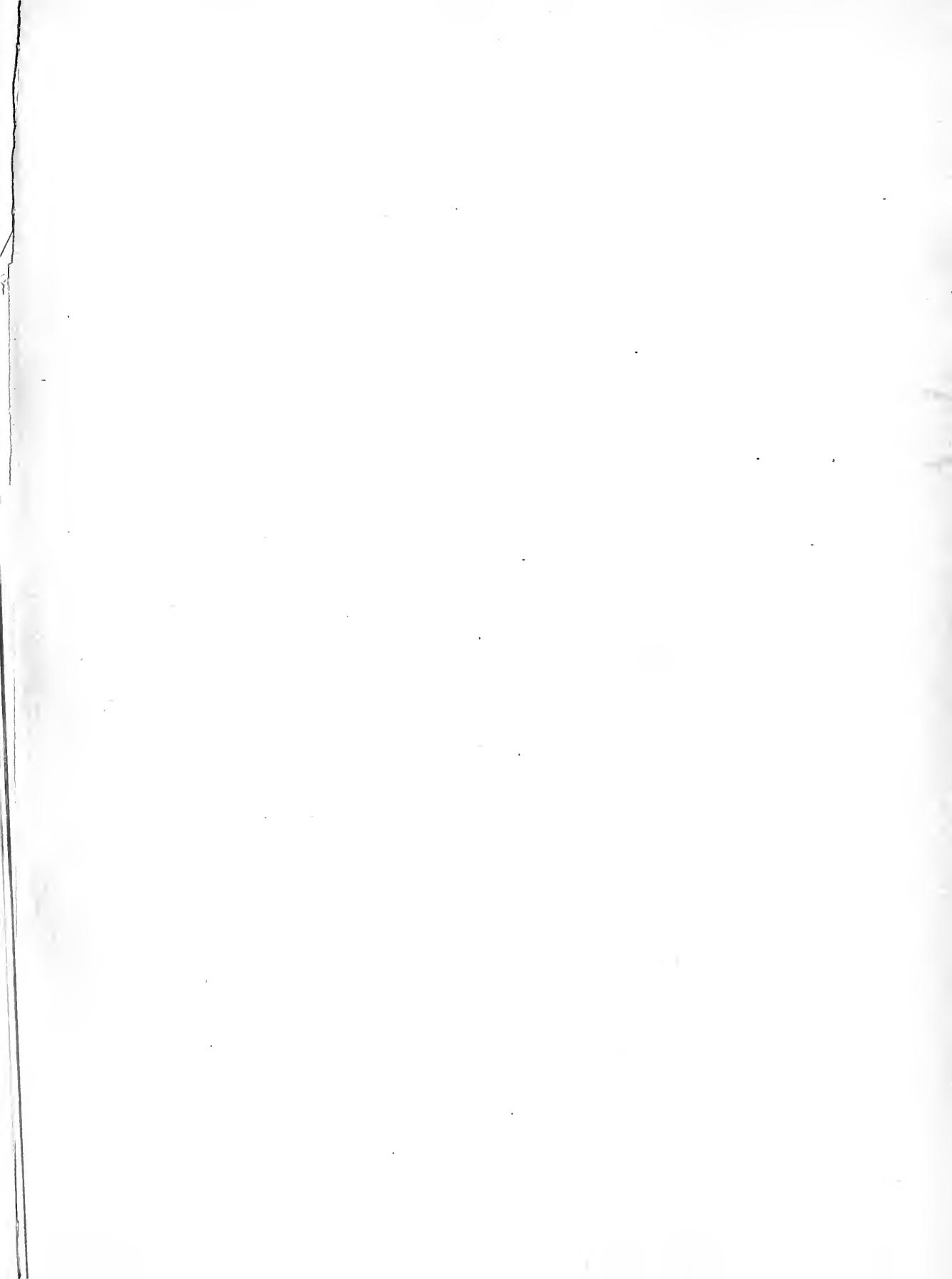
And Edward when thou darest, begin the fight:

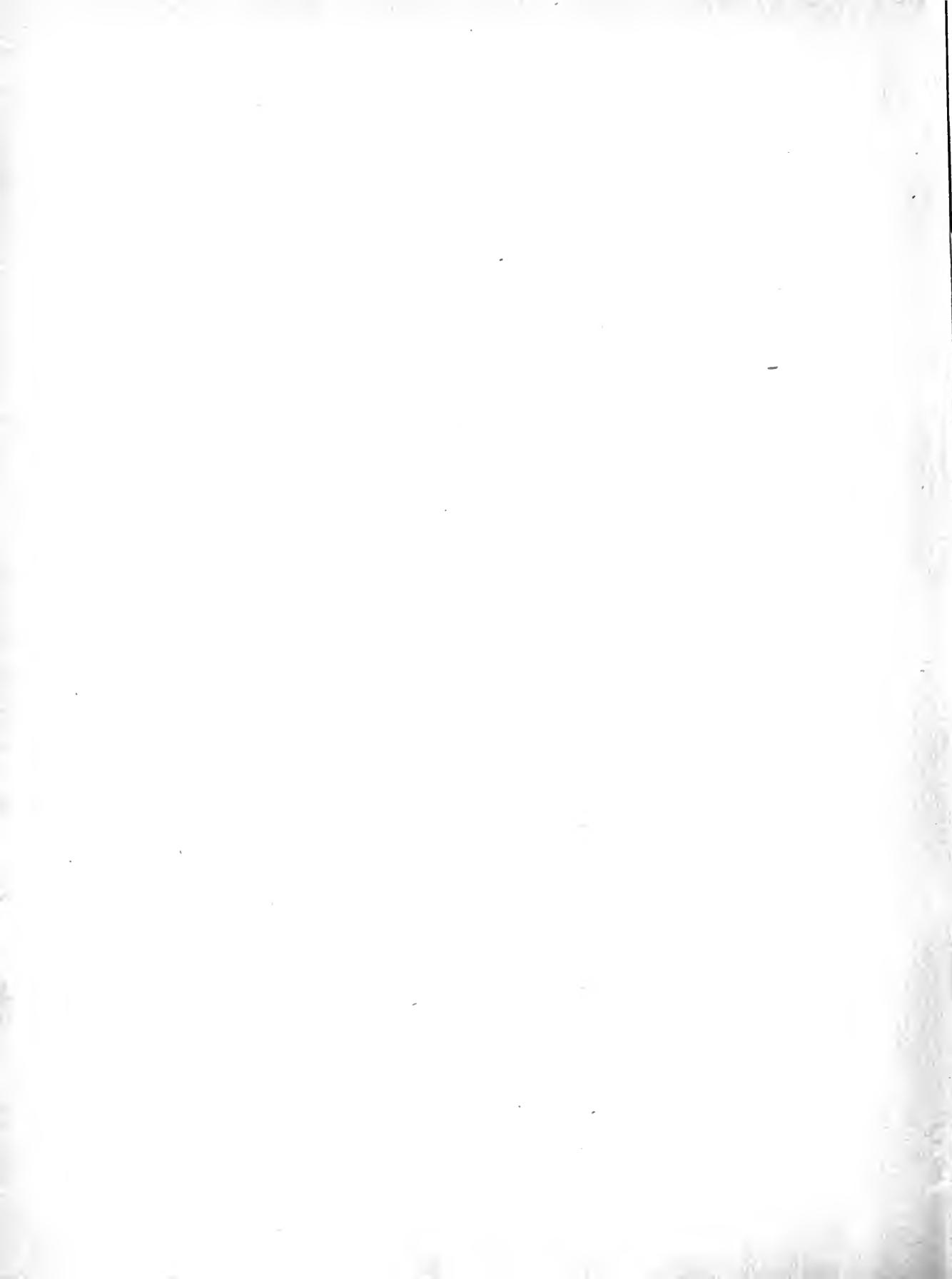
*K. Ed:* We presentely wil meet thee John of Fraunce,

And English Lordes let vs resolute the daie,

Either to cleare vs of that scandalous cryme,

Or





## *Edward the third.*

Or be intombed in our innocence,  
And Ned, because this battell is the first,  
That euer yet thou foughtest in pitched field,  
As ancient custome is of Martialists,  
To dub thee with the tipe of chualrie,  
In solemne manner wee will giue thee armes,  
Come therefore Heralds, orderly bring forth,  
A strong attitement for the prince my sonne.  
Enter foure Heraldes bringing in a coate armour, a helmet, a  
lance, and a shield.

*Kin:* Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,  
As with this armour I impall thy breast,  
So be thy noble vrelenting heart,  
Wald in with flint of matchlesse fortitude,  
That neuer base affections enter there,  
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst,  
Now follow Lords, and do him honor to.

*Dar:* Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,  
As I do set this helmet on thy head,  
Wherewith the chamber of this braine is senf,  
So may thy temples with Bellomas hand,  
Be stiill adorn'd with lawrell victorie,  
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.

*Aud.* Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,  
Receiue this lance into thy manly hand,  
Vse it in fashion of a brasen pen,

To drawe forth bloudie stratagems in France,  
And print thy valiant deeds in honors booke,

Fight and be valiant, vanquish where thou comst.

*Art:* Edward Plantagener prince of Wales,  
Hold take this target, weare it on thy arme,  
And may the view thereof like Perleus shield,  
Astonish and transforme thy gazing foes

To senselesse images of meger death,

Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.

*Ki.* Now wants there nought but knighthood, which deferd

We

## The Raigne of King

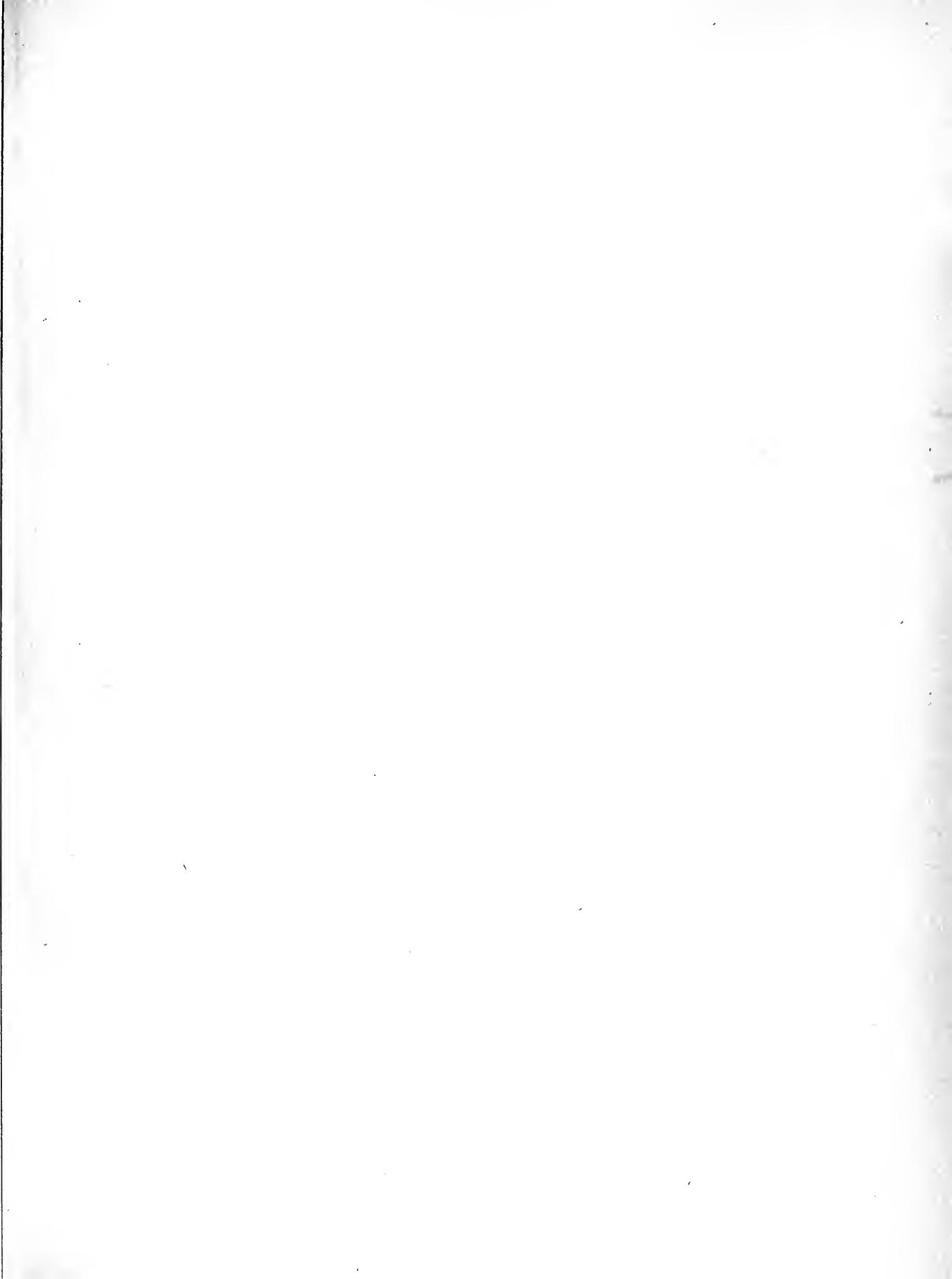
Wee leue till thou hast won it in the field,  
My gratiouse father and yee forwarde peers,  
This honor you haue done me animates,  
And cheires my greene yet scarse appearing strength,  
With comfortable good persaging signes,  
No o ther wise then did ould Iacobes wordes,  
When as he breathed his blessings on his sonnes,  
These hallowed giftes of yours when I prophane,  
Or yse them not to glory of my God,  
To patronage the fathereles and poore,  
Or for the benefit of Englands peace,  
Be numbe my ioynts, waxe feeble both mine armes,  
Wither my hart that like a saples tree,  
I may remayne the map of infamy.  
K.Ed: Then this our steelede Battailles shall be rainged,  
The leading of the vaward Ned isthyne,  
To dignifie whose lusty spirit the more  
We temper it with Audlys grauitie,  
That courage and experience ioynd in one,  
Your manage may be second vnto none,  
For the mayne battells I will guide my selfe,  
And Darby in the rereward march behind,  
That orderly disposd and set in ray,  
Let vs to horse and God graunt vs the daye. *Ex eunt:*

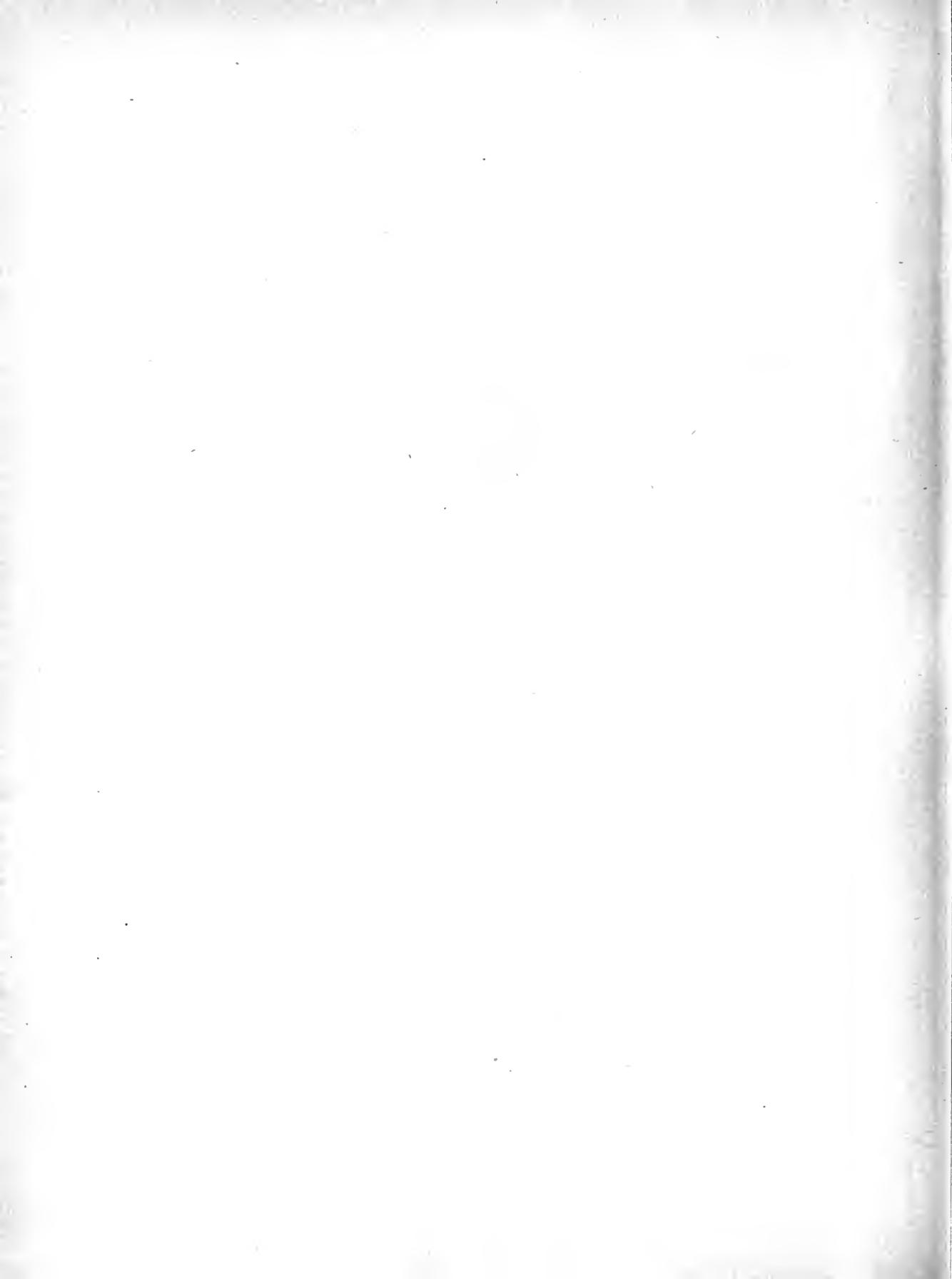
*Alarum. Enter a many Frenchmen flying.*

*After them Prince Edward running.*

*Then enter King John and Duke of Lorraine.*  
John, Oh Lorrain say, what meane our men to fly,  
Our number is far greater then our foes,  
Lor. The garrison of Genoaes my Lorde,  
I hat cam from Paris weary with their march,  
Grudging to be soddenly imployd,  
No sooner in the forefront tooke their place,  
But straite retyng so dismaide the rest,  
As likewise they betook them selues to flight  
In which for hast to make a safe escape,

*More*





## *Edward the third.*

More in the clustering throng are prest to death,  
Then by the ennemie a thouland fold,  
**K. I.**: O haplesse fortune, let vs yet assay,  
If we can counsell some of them to stay.

*Enter King Edward and Audley.*

**K. E.**: Lord Audley, whiles our sonne is in the chafe,  
With draw our powers vnto this little hill,  
And heere a season let vs breath our selues,

**Au.**: I will my Lord.

*Exit, sound Retreat.*

**K. Ed.**: Iust dooming heauen, whose secret prouidence,  
To our grosse iudgement is inscrutable,  
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,  
That hast this day giuen way vnto the right,  
And made the wicked stumble at them selues.

*Enter Artoys.*

Rescue king Edward, rescue, for thy sonne,  
**Kin.**: Rescue Artoys, what is he prisoner?  
Or by violence fell beside his horse.  
**Ar.**: Neither my Lord, but narrowly beset,  
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did persue,  
As tis impossible that he should scape.  
Except your highnes presently descend.  
**Kin.**: T'ur let him fight, we gaue him armes to day,  
And he is laboring for a knighthood man.

*Enter Derby.*

**Da.**: The Prince my Lord, the Prince, oh succour him,  
Hees close incompaſt with a world of odds.  
**Ks.**: Then will he win a world of honour to,  
If he by valour can redeeme him thence,  
If not, what remedy, we haue more sonnes,  
Then one to comfort our declyning age.

*Enter Audley.*

**An.**: Renowned Edward, giue me leaue I pray,  
To lead my souldiers where I may releue,  
Your Graces sonne, in danger to be fayne,  
The snares of French like Emmets on a banke,

## The Raigne of king

Muster about him whilst he Lion like,  
Intangled in the net of their assaults,  
Frantiquely wrends and byts the wouen toyle,  
But all in vaine, he cannot free him selfe.

K: Ed: Audley content, I will not haue a man,  
On paine of death sent forth to succour him:  
This is the day, ordynd by desteny,  
To season his courage with those greeuous thoughts,  
That if he breaketh out, Nestors yeares on earth,  
Will make him sauor still of this exployt.

Dar: Ah but he shall not liue to see those dayes,  
Ki: Why then his Ephitaph, is lasting prayse.

An: Yet good my Lord, is too much wilfulness,  
To let his blood be spilt that may be saude,  
Ki: Exclayme no more, for none of you can tell,  
Whether a borrowed aid will serue or no,  
Perhaps he is already slayne or tane,

And dare a Falcon when shes in her flight,  
And euer after fleckle be hoggard like:

Let Edward be deliuered by our hands,  
And still in danger hele expect the like,  
But if himselfe, himselfe redeeme from thence,  
He wil haue vanquisht cheerefull death and feare,

And euer after dread their force no more,  
Then if they were but babes or Captiue slaves,

And O cruel Father, farewell Edward then.

Da: Farewell sweete Prince, the hope of chivalry.

Art: O would my life might ransome him from death,

K: Ed: But soft me thinkes I heare,

The dismall charge of Trumpets loud retreat:

All are not slayne I hope that went with him,  
Some will retorne with tidings good or bad.

Enter Prince Edward in ioyump, bearing in his hande his  
shinered Lance, and the King of Boheme, borne before  
Wrapt in the Coulours: They runne and imbrace him.

AN. O





## Edward the third.

And, O joyfull sight, victorious Edward liues.

Dor: Welcome braue Prince;

Ki: Welcome Plantagenet.

Pr: First having done my dutie as beseemed

Lords Iegreet you all with harty thanks,

And now behold after my winters toyle,

My paynfull voyage on the boystrouse sea,

Of warres deuouring gulphes and steely rocks,

I bring my fraught vnto the wised port,

My Summers hope, my trauels sweetrewards

And heere with humble duety I present,

This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,

Cropt and cut downe euен at the gate of death:

The king of Boheme father whome I slue,

Whom you sayd, had intrencht me round about,

And laye as thicke vpon my battered crest,

As on an Anuell with thei' ponderous glaues,

Yet marble courage, stilt did vnderprop,

And when my weary armes with often blowes,

Like the continuall laboring Wood-mans Axe,

That is enioynd to sell a load of Oakes,

Began to faulter, straight I would recouer:

My gifts you gaue me, and my zealous vow,

And then new courage made me fresh againe,

That in despight I craud my passage forth,

And put the multitude to speedy flyghts

To this hath Edwards hand fild your request,

And done I hope the duety of a Knight

Ki: I well thou hast deserud a knight-hood Ned,

And therefore with thy sword, yet reaking warme,

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,

Arise Prince Edward, trusty knight at armes,

This day thou hast confounded me with ioy,

And proude thy selfe fit heire vnto a king.

Pr: Heere is a note my gratiouse Lord of those,

That in this conflict of our foes were slaine,

kneele and

kiss his

fathers hand

his Sword

bore by a

Soldier.

Eleuen.

# The Raigne of King

Eleuen Princes of esteeme, Foure score Barons,  
A hundred and twenty knyghtes, and thirty thousand  
Common souldiers, and of our men a thousand.  
Our God be praised, Now John of Fraunce I hope,  
Thou knowest King Edward for no wantonesse,  
No loue sicke cockney, nor his souldiers iades,  
But which way is the fearefull king escapt?

Pr: Towards Poyntz noble father, and his sonnes,  
King Ned, thou and Audley shall pursue them still,  
My selfe and Derby will to Calice streight,  
And thereto begynt that Haueyn towne with lege:  
Now lies it on an vpshoe, therefore strike,  
And wistlyc follow whiles the games on foote.

Ki. What Pictures this.

Pr: A Pellican my lord,  
Wounding her bosome with her crooked beak,  
That so her nest of young ones might be fed,  
With drops of blood that issue from her hart,  
The motto Sic semper, and so should ye. Excuse.  
Enter Lord Mountford with a Coronet in his hands, with him  
the Earle of Salisbury.

Mo: My Lord of Salisbury since by our aide,  
Mine enemie Sir Charles of Blois is slaine,  
And I againe am quietly possest, in Britaines Duke domme, knowe that I resolute,  
For this kind furtherance of your king and you,  
To swearre allegiance to his maiestie.

In signe whereof receiue this Coronet,

Beare it vnto him, and with all mine othe,

Neuer to be but Edwards faulth friend.

Sa: I take it Mountford, thus I hope care long,

The whole Dominions of the Realme of Fraunce

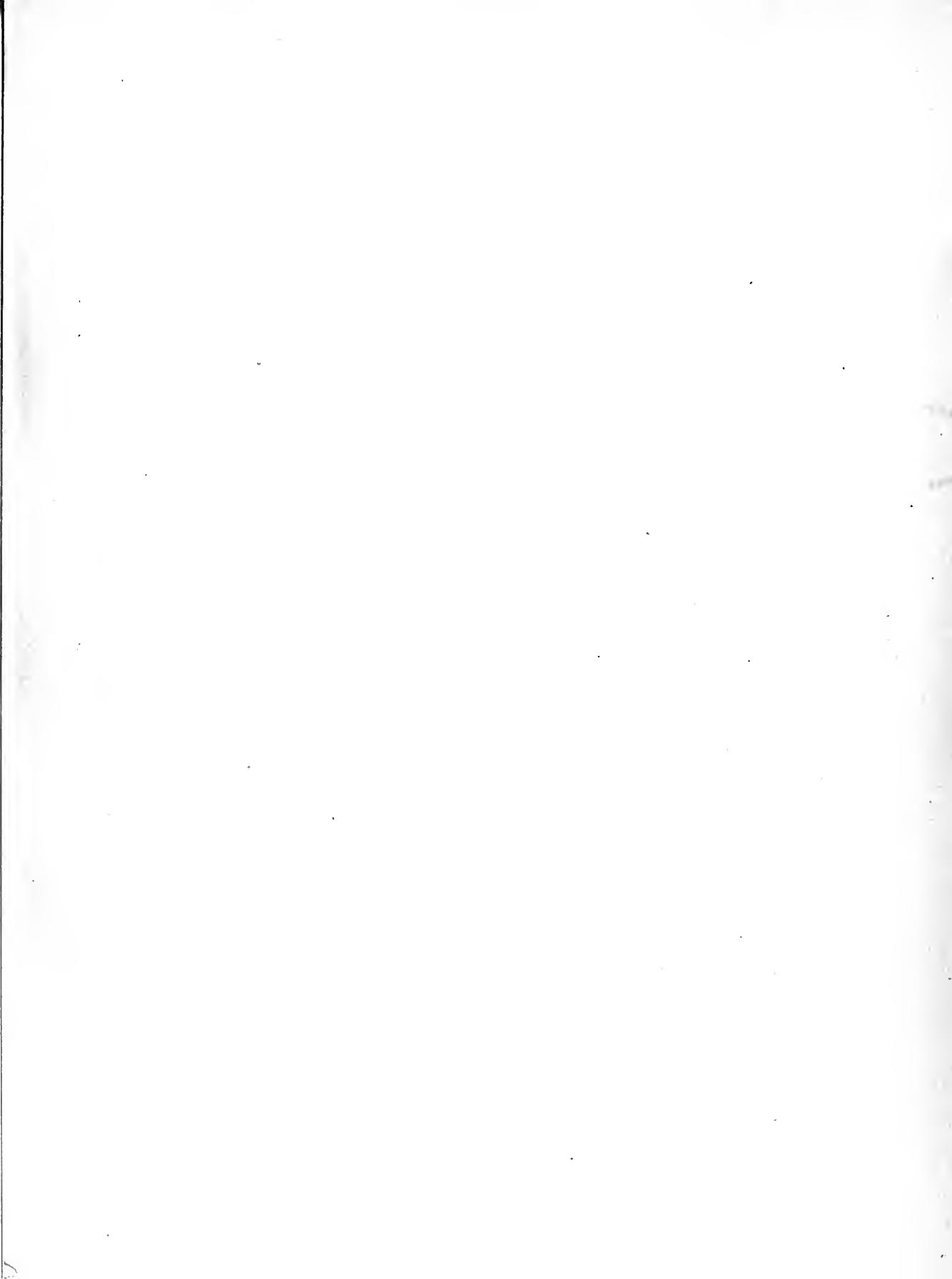
Wilbe surrendred to his conquering hand;

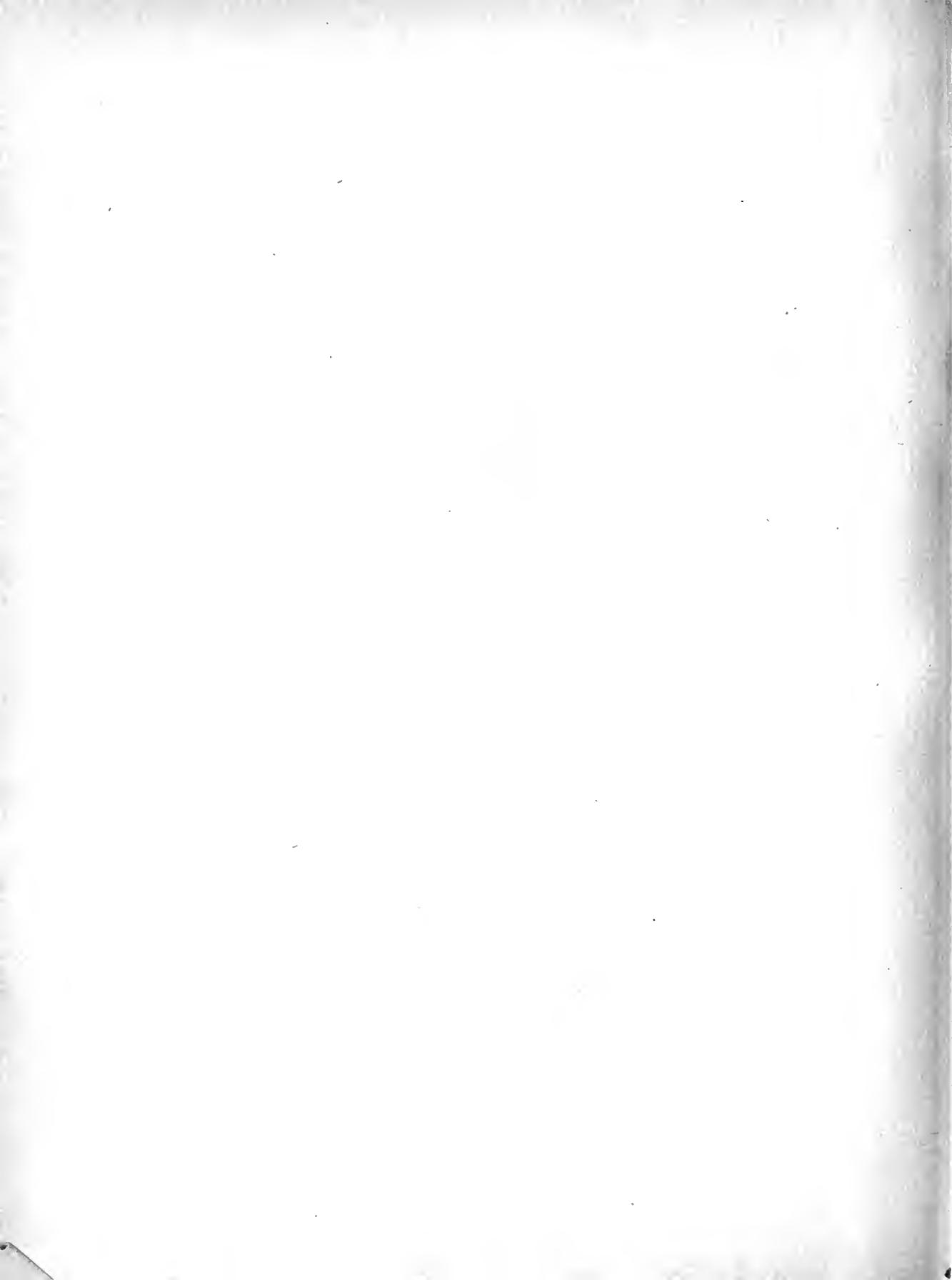
Now if I knew but safely how to passe,

I would to Calice gladly meete his Grace,

Whether I am by letters certified,

Yes.





## *Edward the third.*

Yet he intends to haue his host remoude,  
It shal be so, this pollicy will serue,  
Ho whose within? bring Villiers to me.

*Enter Villiers.*

Villiers, thou knowest thou art my prisoner,  
And that I might for ransome if I would,  
Require of thee a hundred thousand Francks,  
Or else retyne and keepe thee captiue still:  
But so it is, that for a smaller charge,  
Thou maist be quit and if thou wilt thy selfe,  
And this it is, procure me but a pasport,  
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I,  
Without restraint may haue recourse to Callis,  
Through all the Countries where he hath to doe.  
Which thou maist easily obtayne I thinke,  
By reason I haue often heard thee say,  
He and thou were students once together:  
And then thou shalt be set at libertie,  
How saiest thou, wilt thou vndertake to do it?  
*Vil.* I will my Lord, but I must speake with him.  
*Sa.* Why so thou shalt, take Horse and post from hence,  
Onely before thou goest, swaere by thy faith,  
That if thou canst not compasse my desire,  
Thou wilt returne my prisoner backe againe,  
And that shalbe sufficient warrant for mee.  
*Vil.* To that condition I agree my Lord,  
And will vnsaynedly performe the same.

*Exit.*

*Sah.* Farewell Villiers, *Exit.*  
Thus once I meane to trie a French mans faith.

*Enter King Edward and Derby with Soldiers.*

*Ksn.* Since they refuse our profered league my Lord,  
And will not ope their gates and let vs in,  
We will intrench our selues on every side,  
That neithet vituals, nor supply of men,  
May come to succour this accursed towne,  
Famine shall combate where our swords are stopt.

## The Raigne of King

*Enter poore Frenchmen.*

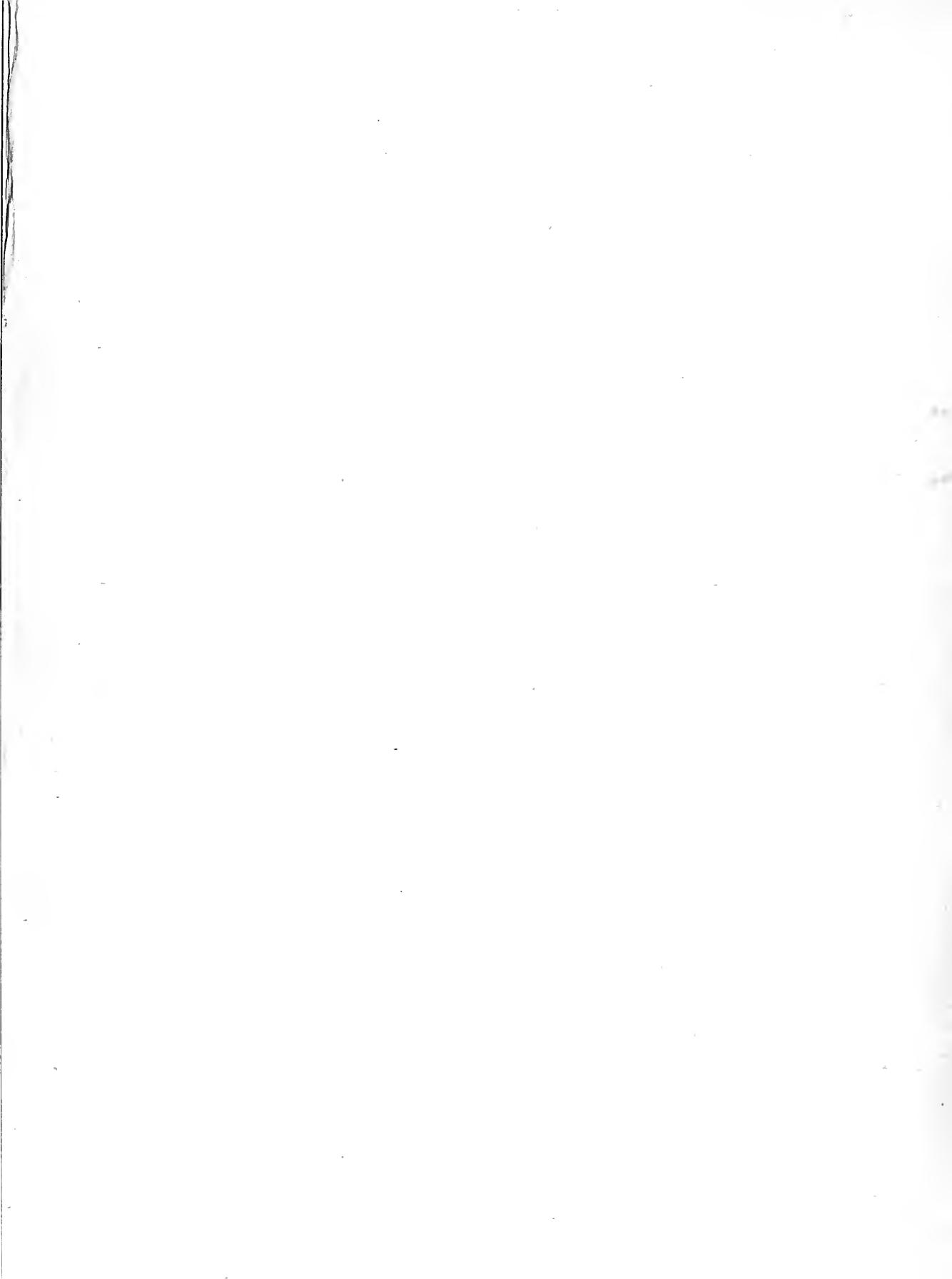
D. r. The promised aid that made them stand aloofe,  
Is now returnde and gone an other way:  
It will hepent them of their stuppey will,  
But what are these poore ragged slaves my Lord?

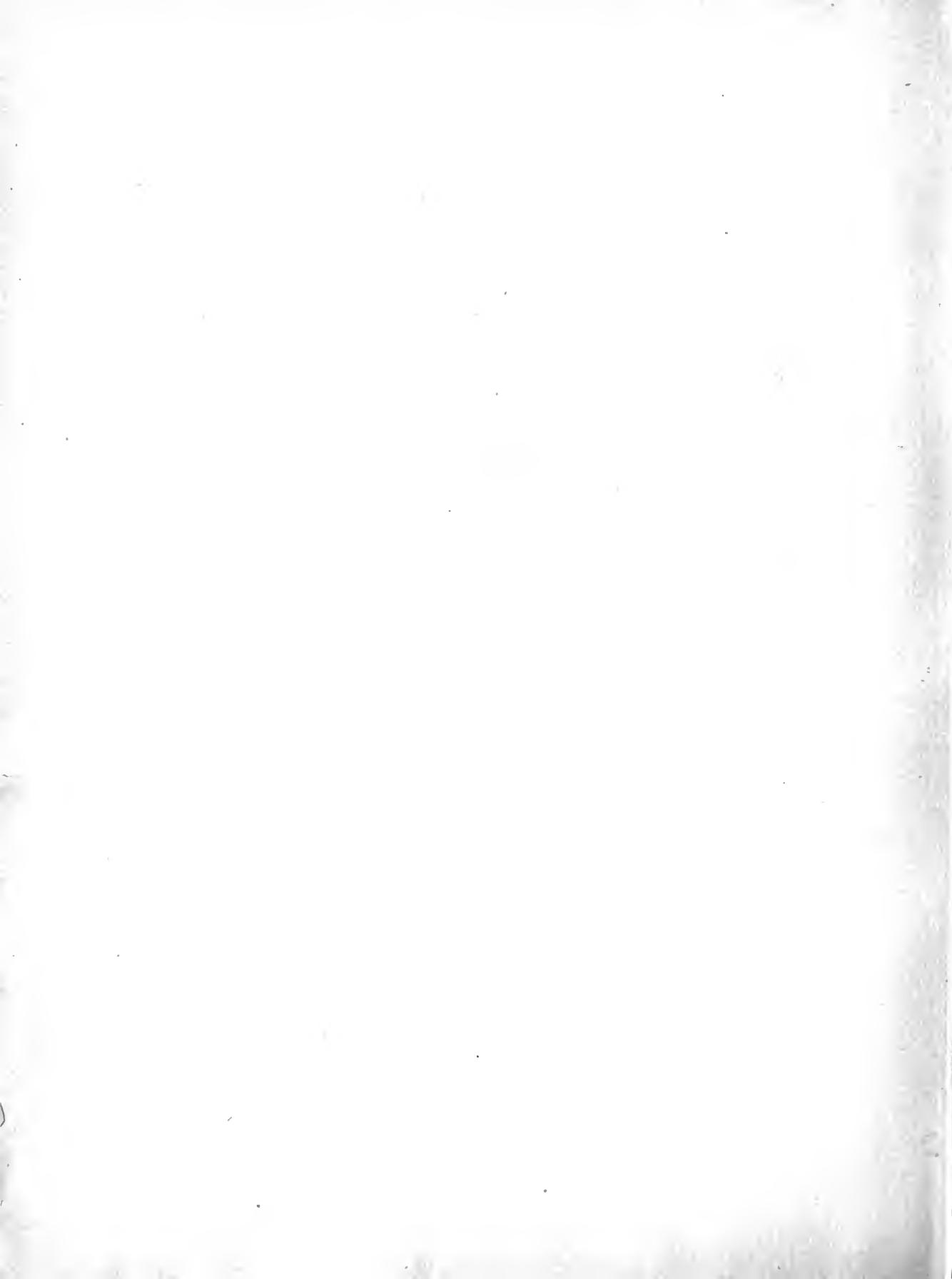
K. Edw: Ask what they are, it seemes they come from  
Callis.

Der. You wretched paternes of dispayre and woe,  
What are you liuing men, et glyding ghosts,  
Crept from your grates to walke vpon the earth,  
*Poore:* No ghosts my Lord, but men that breath a life,  
Farre worse then is the quiet sleep of death:  
Wee are distressed poore inhabitanies,  
That long haue been deafeased, sickle and lame,  
And now because we are not fit to serue,  
The Captayne of the towne hath thrust vs foorth,  
That so expence of victuals may be saued.  
K. Ed. A charitable deed no doubt, and worthy praise:  
But how do you imagine then to speed?  
We are your enemies in such a case,  
We can meddle but p[er] ye to the sword,  
Since when we proffered truce, it was refuside,  
So: And if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,  
As welcome death by vnde vs as life.  
*K. Poore silly men, much wrongd, and more distrest,*  
Go Derby go, and see they be reliu'd,  
Command that victuals be appoynted them,  
And giue to euery one ffe Crownes a peete:  
The Lion scornes to touch the yeelding pray,  
And Edwards sword must swin it selfe in such,  
As wilfull stubbornesse haue made peruerse.

*Enter Lord Persie.*

K. Lord Persie welcome: what the newes in England?  
Per: The Queene my Lord comes heere to your Grace,  
And from his highnesse, and the Lord vicegerent,





### *Edward the third.*

I bring this happie ridings of success,  
David of Scotland lately vp in armes,  
Thinking belike he soonest shold preuale,  
Your highnes being absent from the Realme,  
Is by the fruitfull seruice of your peeres,  
And painfull trauell of the Queene her selfe;  
That big with child was every day in armes,  
Vanquisht, subdude, and taken prisoner.  
K:  
Thanks Persie for thy newes with almy harte,  
What was he tooke him prisoner in the field.  
Per.  
A Esquire my Lord, John Copland is his names,  
Who since intreated by her Maiestie,  
Denies to make surrendur of his prize,  
To thie but vnto your grace alone:  
Whereat the Queene is greuously displeasd.  
K:  
Well then wele haue a Pursuaunt dispatch,  
To summon Copland hither out of hand,  
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.  
Per:  
The Queene my Lord her selfe by this at Sea,  
And purposeth as soone as winde will serue,  
To land at Callis, and to visit you,  
K:  
She shall be welcome, and to wait her comming,  
Ile pitch my tent neare to the sandy shore.

### *Enter a Captayne.*

The Burgesses of Callis mighty king,  
Haue by a counsell willingly decreed,  
To yeeld the towne and Cattle to your hands,  
Vpon condition it will please your grace,  
To graunt them benefite of life and goods.  
K.  
Ed. They wil so: Then belike they may command,  
Dispose, elect, and gouernas they list,  
No sirra, tell them since they did refuse,  
Our princely clemencie at first proclaimed,  
They shall not haue it now although they would,

I will.

## The Raigne of King

Will accept of nought but fire and sword,  
Except within these two daies sixe of them  
That are the welchiest marchaunts in the towne,  
Come naked all but for their linnen shirts,  
With each a halter hangd about his necke,  
And prostrate yeeld themselves vpon their knees,  
To be afflicted,hanged,or what I please,  
And so you may informe their masterships.

*Exeunt*

*C. p.* Why this it is to trust a broken staffe.  
Had we not been perswaded Iohn our King,  
Would with his armie haue releved the towne,  
We had not stood vpon defiance so:  
But now tis past that no man can recall,  
And better some do go to wrackethen all.

*Exit,*

*Enter Charles of Normandy and Villiers*

*Ch:* I wounder Villiers, thou shouldest importune me  
For one that is our deadly ennemic.

*Vil:* Not for his sake my gracious Lord so much,  
Am I become an earnest aduocate,

As that thereby my ransome will be quit,  
*Ch:* Thy ransome man: why needest thou talkie of that?

Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,  
That happen for aduantage of our foes,

To be accepted of, and stood vpon?

*Vil:* No good my Lord except the same be iust,  
For profit must with honor be comixt,  
Or else our actions are but scandalous:

But letting passe these intricate obiections,  
Wilt please your highnes to subscribe or no?

*Ch:* Villiers I will not, nor I cannot do it,  
Salisbury shall not haue his will so much,

To clayme a pasport how it pleaseth himselfe,

*Vil:* Why then I know the extremitie my Loid,  
I must returne to prison whence I came,

*Ch:* Returne, I hope thou wilt not,  
What bird that hath escapt the fowlers gin,

*Will*





### *Edward the third.*

Will not beware how shees in shord againes

Or what is he so fencelis and secure,

That hauing hardely past a dangerous gulfe,

Will put him selfe in perill there againe.

*Vil:* Ah but it is mine othe my gratiouſ Lord,

Which I in conſcience may not violate,

Or elſe a kingdome ſhould not draw me hence.

*Ch:* Thine othe, why that doth bind thee to abide;

Hast thou not ſworne obedience to thy Prince?

*Vil:* In all things that uprightly he commands:

But either to perſwade or threaten me,

Not to performe the couenant of my word,

Is lawleſſe, and I need not to obey.

*Ch:* Why is it lawfull for a man to kill,

And not to breake a promife with his foe?

*Vil:* To kill my Lord when warre is once proclaymd,

So that our quarrel be for wrongs receaued,

No doubt is lawfully permitted vs:

But in an othe we muſt be well aduiſd,

How we do ſweare, and when we once haue ſworne,

Not to infinge it though we die therefore:

Therefore my Lord, as willing I returme,

As if I were to flie to paradise.

*Ch:* Stay my Villeirs, thine honorable minde,

Deserues to be eternally admirde,

Thy ſute ſhalbe no longer thus deford:

Give me the paper, Ile ſubſcribe to it,

And wheretofore I loued thee a; Villeirs,

Heereafter Ile embrace thee as my ſelfe,

Stay and be ſtill in fauour with thy Lord.

*Vil:* I humbly thanke your grace, I muſt diſpatch,

And ſend this paſport firſt vnto the Earle,

And then I will attend your highnes pleaſure.

*Ch:* Do ſo Villeirs, and Charles when he hath neede,

Be ſuch h is ſouldiers, how ſoever he ſpedde. *Exit Villeirs.*

*Enter King Ioh.*

*K. Ioh:* Come Charles and armee thee, Edward is intrapt,

The Prince of Wales is falne into our hands,

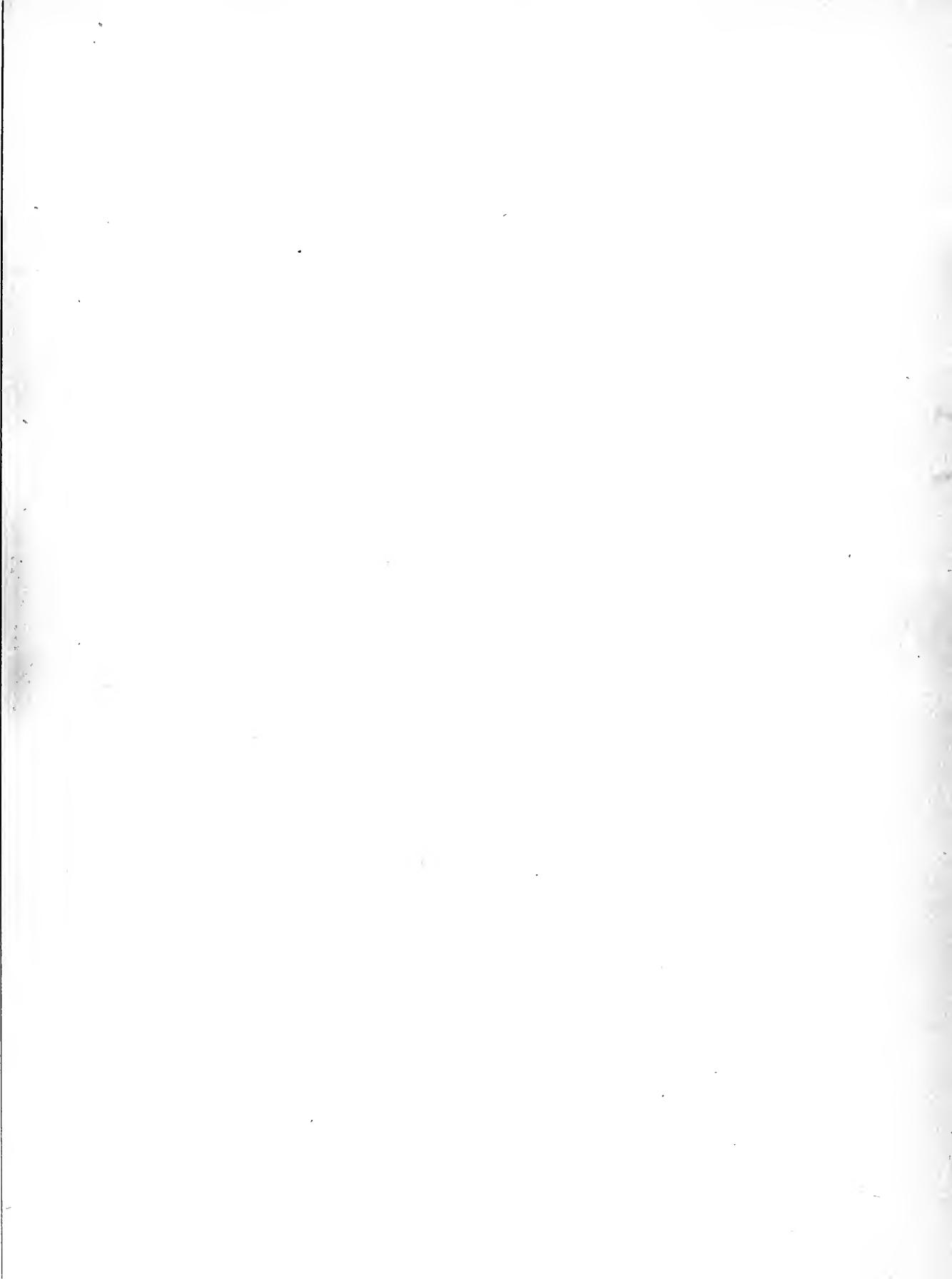
## The Raigne of King

And we haue compasst him he cannot scape.  
Ch: But will your highnes fight to day. (strong)  
Io: What else my son, hees scarce eight thousand,  
and we are threescore thousand at the least,  
Cb: I haue a prophecy my gratiouse Lord,  
Wherein is written what successse is like  
To happen vs in this outragious warre,  
It was deliueredme at Cressey field,  
By one that is an aged Hermyt there,  
when fethered soul shal make thine army tremble,  
and flint stones rise and breake the battell ray.  
Then thinke on him that doth not now dissemble  
For that shalbe the haples dreadfull day,  
Yet in the end thy foot thou shalt aduance,  
as farre in England, as thy foe in Fraunce,  
Io: By this it seemes we shalbe fortunate:  
For as it is impossible that stones  
Should euer rise and breake the battaile ray,  
Or airie soule make men in armes to quake,  
So is it like we shall not be subdue:  
Or say this might be true, yet in the end,  
Since he doth promise we shall driue him hence,  
And forrage their Countrie as they haue don ours.  
By this reuenge, that losse will seeme the lesse,  
But all are fryuoulous, fancies, toyes and dreames,  
Once we are sure we haue insnared the sonne,  
Catch we the father after how we can. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince Edward, Audley and others.*

Pr: Audley the armes of death embrase vs round,  
And comfort haue we none saue that to die,  
We pay lower earnest for a sweeter life,  
At Cressey field our Clouds of Warlike smoke,  
chokt vp those French mouths, & disceuered them  
But now their multitudes of millions hide  
Masking as twere the beautious burning Sunne,  
Leauing no hope to vs but sullen darke,

*And*





## *Edward the third.*

And eie leſſe terror of all ending night,  
Au. This ſuddaine, mightie, and expedient head,  
That they haue made, faire Prince is wonderfull,  
Before vs in the vallie lies the king,  
Vantagd with all that heauen and earth can yeeld,  
His partie stronger battaile then our whole:  
His ſonne the brauing Duke of Normandie,  
Hath trimd the Mountaine on our right hand vp,  
In ſhining plate, that now the aspiring hill,  
Shewes like a ſiluer quarrie, or an orbe  
Aloft the which the Banners bannarets,  
And new repleinift pendants cuff the aire,  
And beat the windes, that for their gaudineſſe,  
Struggles to kiffe them on our left hand lies,  
Phillip the younger iſſue of the king,  
Coting the other hill in ſuch arraie,  
That all his guilded vpright pikes do ſeeme,  
Streight trees of gold, the pendant leaues,  
And their deuice of Antque heraldry,  
Quartred in colours ſeeming ſundy fruits,  
Makes it the Orchard of the Hesperides,  
Behinde vs two the hill doth beare his height,  
For like a halfe Moone opening but one way,  
It rounds vs in, there at our backs are lodgd,  
The fatall Crosbowes, and the battaile there,  
Is gouernd by the rough Chattillion,  
Then thus it stands, the valleie for our flight,  
The king binds in, the hils on either hand,  
Are proudly royalized by his ſonnes,  
And on the Hill behind ſtands certayne death,  
In pay and ſeruice with Chattillion.  
Pr: Deathes name is much more mightie then his deeds,  
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more,  
As many ſands as theſe my hands can hold,  
are but n.y handful offo many ſands,  
Then all the world, and call it but a power:  
Eaſely tane vp and quickly throwne away,  
But if I stand to count them ſand by ſand

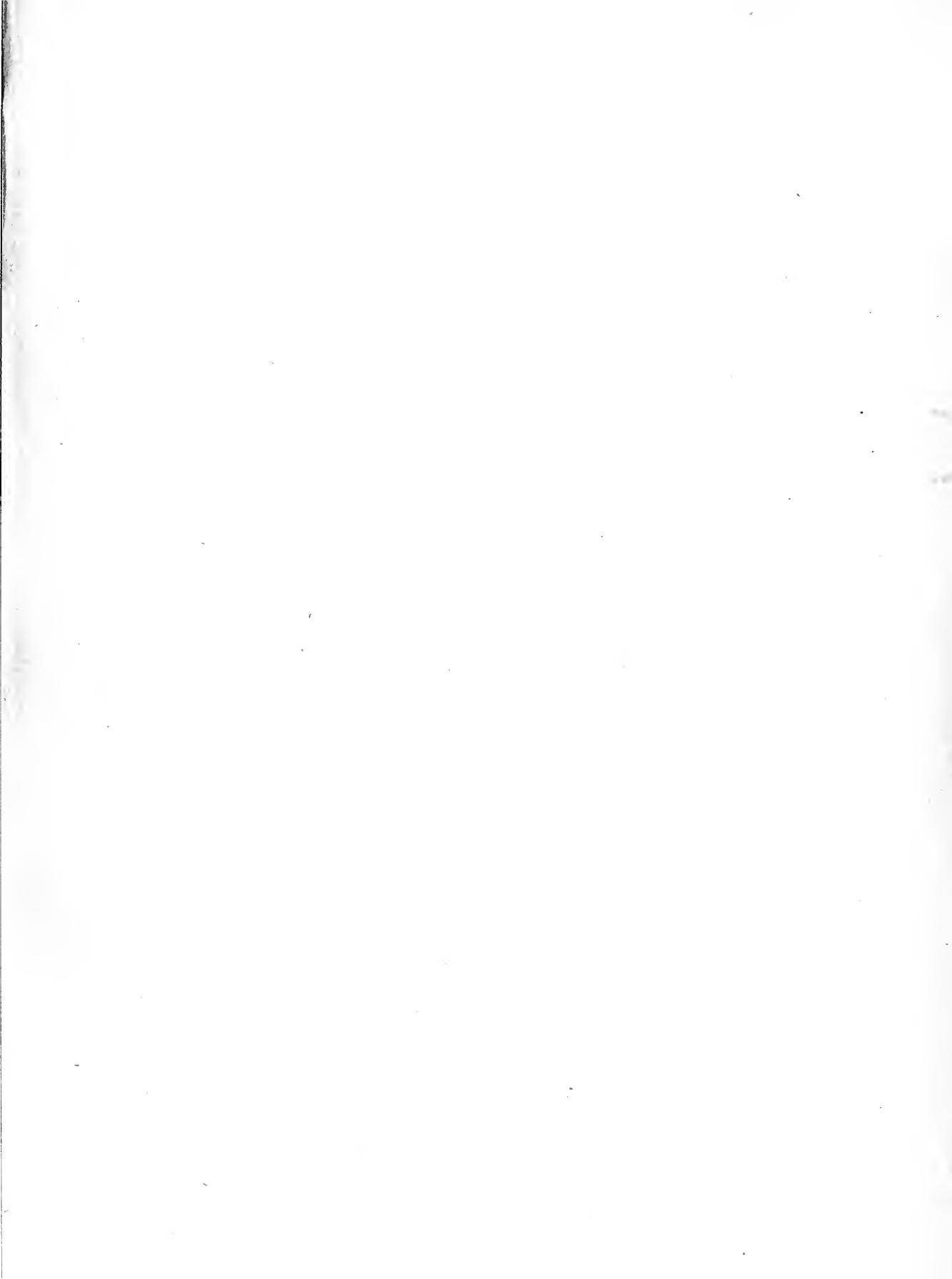
## *The Raigne of King*

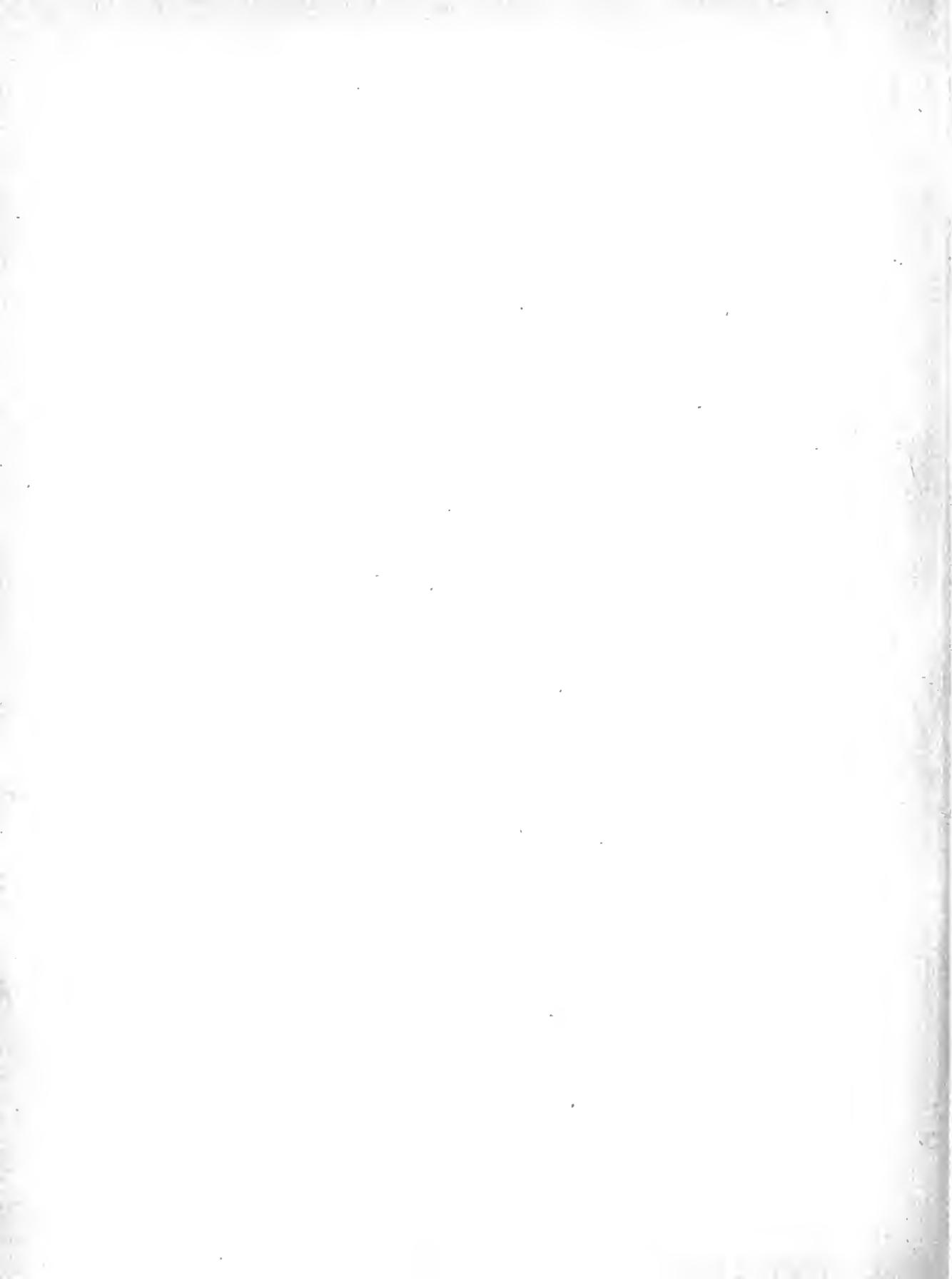
The number would confound my memorie,  
And make a thousand millions of a caske,  
Which briefelie is no more indeed then one,  
These quarters, spaudrons, and these regements,  
Before, behinde vs, and on either hand,  
Are but a power, when we name a man,  
His hand, his foote, his head hath severall strengthes,  
And being albut one selfe instant strength,  
Why all this many, Audely is but one,  
And we can call it all but one mans strength:  
He that hath farre to goe, tells it by miles,  
If he should tell the steps, it kills his hart:  
The drops are infinite that make a floud,  
And yet thou knowest we call it but a Raine:  
There is but one Fraunce, one king of Fraunce,  
That Fraunce hath no more kinges, and that same king  
Hath but the puissant legion of one king?  
And we haue one, then apprehend no ods,  
For one to one, is faire equalitie.

*Enter an Herald from king John.*

*Pr:* What tidings messenger, be playne and briefe.  
*He:* The king of Fraunce my soueraigne Lord and master,  
Greets by me his so, the Prince of Wals,  
If thou call forth a hundred men of name  
Of Lords, Knights, Esquires and English gentlemen,  
And with thy selfe and those kneele at his feete,  
He straight will fold his bloody colours vp,  
And ransome shall redeeme liues forfeited:  
If not, this day shall drinke more English blood,  
Then ere was buried in our Bryttish earth,  
What is the answeare to his proffered mercy?  
*Pr,* This heauen that couers Fraunce containes the mercy  
That drawes from me submissiue orizons,  
That such base breath should vanish from my lips.  
To vrge the plea of mercie to a man,  
The Lord forbid, returne and tell the king,

My





### *Edward the third.*

My tongue is made of steele, and it shall beg  
My mercie on his coward burgonet.  
Tell him my colours are as red as his,  
My men as bold, our English armes as strong,  
returne him my defiance in his face.

*Hc. I go.*

*Enter another.*

*Pr:* What newes with thee?  
*He.* The Duke of Normandie my Lord & master  
Pitying thy youth is so ingirt with perill,  
By me hath sent a nimble ioynted iennet,  
As swift as euer yet thou didst bestride,  
And therewithall he counsels thee to flic,  
Els deþt himself hath sworne that thou shalt die.  
*P:* Back with the beast vnto the beast that sent him  
Tell him I cannot sit a cowards hōſe,  
Bid him to daie bestride the iade himselfe,  
For I will staine my hōſe quite ore with bloud,  
And double guild my spurs, but I will catch him,  
So tell the capring boy, and get thee gone.

*Enter another.*

*He:* Edward of Wales, Phillip the second sonne  
To the most mightie christian king of France,  
Seeing thy bodies liuing date expird,  
All full of charitie and christian loue,  
Commends this booke full fraught with prayers,  
To thy faire hand, and for thy houre of lyfe,  
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,  
And armie thy soule for hir long iourney towards.  
Thus haue I done his bidding, and returne.

*Pr.* Herald of Phillip greet thy Lord from me,  
All good that he can lend I can receiuie,  
But thinkst thou not the vnadvised boy,  
Hath wrongd him selfe in this far tendering me,  
Happily he cannot praie without the booke,  
I thinke him no diuine extemporal,  
Then render backe this common place of prayer,

## The Raigne of King

To do himselfe good in aduersitie,  
Besides, he knowes not my saines qualitie,  
and therefore knowes no praiers for my auaille,  
*Ere night his praier may be to praine to God,*  
To put it in my heart to heare his praier,  
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

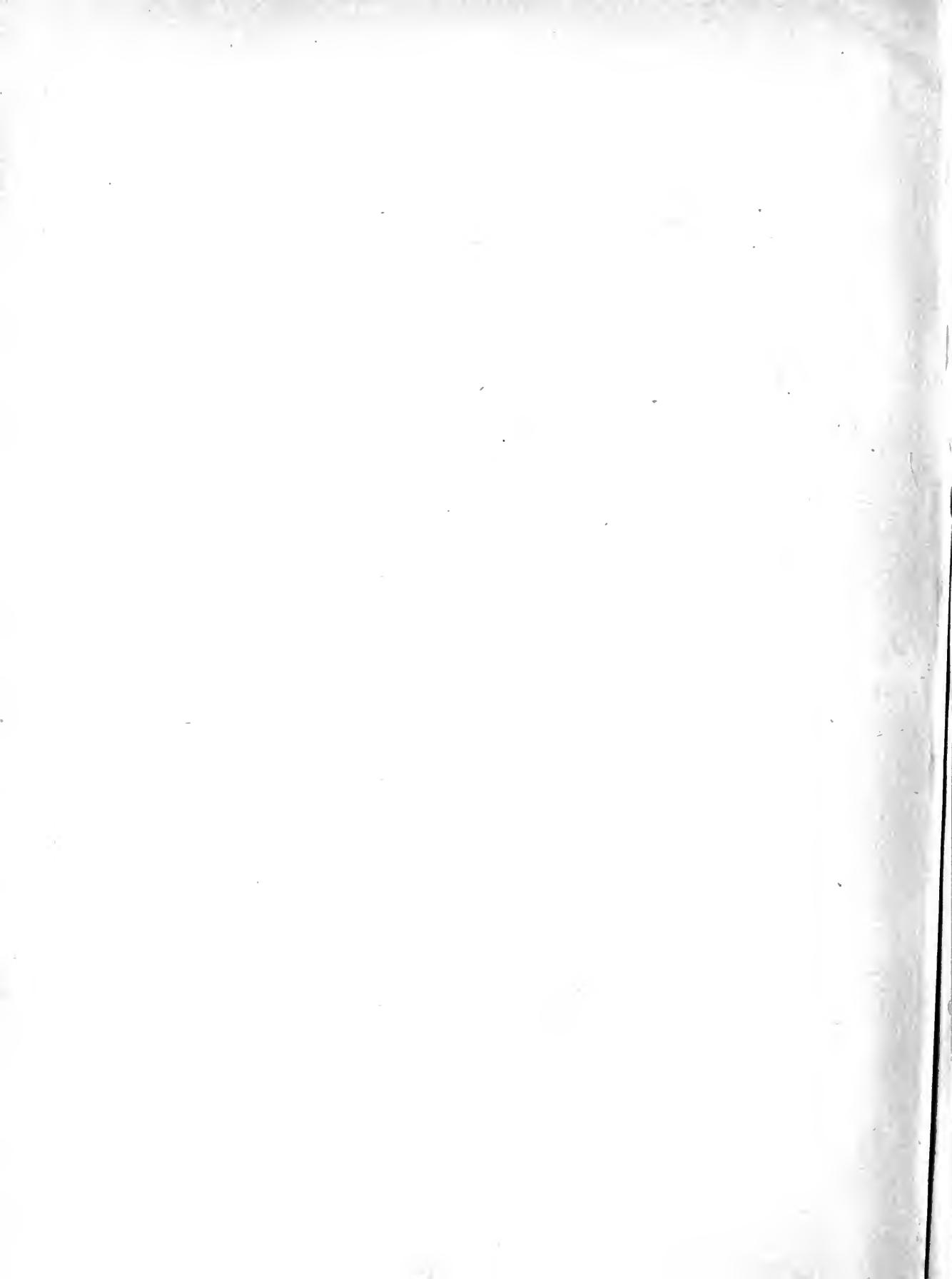
*He.* I go.

*Pr.* How confident their strength and number makes them,  
Now Audley sound those siluer wings of thine,  
And let those milke white messengers of time,  
Shew thy times learning in this dangerous time,  
Thy selfe art busie, and bit with many broiles,  
And stratagems forepast with yron pens,  
Are texted in thine honorable face,  
Thou art a married man in this distresse,  
But danger woos me as a blushing maide,  
Teach me an ans were to this perillous time,  
*And,* To die is all as common as to liue,  
The one in choicer the other holds in chase,  
For from the instant we begin to liue,  
We do pursue and hunt the time to die,  
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed,  
Then presently we fall, and as a shade  
Followes the boodie, so we follow death,  
If then we hunt for death, why do we feare it?  
If we feare it, why do we follow it?  
If we do feare, how can we shun it?  
If we do feare, with feare we do but aide  
The thing we feare, to seize on vs the sooner,  
If wee feare not, then no resolued proffiter,  
Can ouerthrow the limit of our faine,  
For whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,  
as we do drawe the lotterie of our doome.

*Pr.* Ah good olde man, a thousand thousand armors,  
These wordes of thine haue buckled on my backe,  
Ah what an idiot hast thou made of lyfe,  
To seeke the thing it feares, and how disgraft,  
The imperially victorie of murding death,

Since





## *Edward the third.*

Since all the liues his conquering arrowes strike,  
Seeke him, and he not them, to shaine his glorie,  
I will not giue a penrie for a lyfe,  
Nor halfe a halfe penie to shun grim death,  
Since for to liue is but to seeke to die,  
And dying but beginning of new lyfe,  
Let come the hour when he that rules it will,  
To liue or die I hold indifferent.

*Exeunt.*

Enter king John and Charles.

*Joh:* A sodaine darknes hath defast the skie,  
The windes are crept into their caues for feare,  
the leaues moue not, the world is busht and still,  
the birdes cease singing, and the wanding brookes,  
Murmure no wonted greeting to their shores,  
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth  
That heauen should pronounce some prophesie,  
Where or from whome proceeds this silence *Charles?*  
*Ch:* Our men with open mouthes and staring eyes,  
Looke on each other, as they did attend  
Each others wordes, and yet no creature speakes,  
A tongue-tied feare hath made a midaighte houre,  
and speeches sleepe through all the waking regions.  
*Joh:* But now the pompeous Sunne in all his pride,  
Lookt through his golden coach vpon the worlde,  
and on a sodaine hath he hid himselfe,  
that now the vnder earth is as a graue,  
Darke, deadly, silent, and vncomfortable. *A clamor of rauens*  
Harke, what a deadly outcrie do I heare?  
*Ch:* Here comes my brother Phillip.  
*Joh:* All dismaid, What fearfull words are those thy looks

presage?

*Pr:* A flight, a flight.

*Joh:* Coward what flight? thouliest there needs no flight.

*Pr:* A flight.

*Kin:* Awake thy crauen powers, and tell on  
the substance of that verie feare in deed,  
Which is so gastly printed in thy face,  
What is the matter?

*Pr:*

## The Raigne of King

Pr. A flight of vgly rauens  
Do croke and houer ore our souldiers heads  
And keepe in triangles and cornerd squares,  
Right as our forces archimbattled,  
With their approach there came this sodain fog,  
Which now hath hid the arie flower of heauen,  
And made at noone a night vnnaturall,  
Vpon the quaking and dismayed world,  
In briefe, our souldiers haue let fall their armes,  
and stand like metamorphosd images,  
Bloudlesse and pale; one gazing on another,  
Io: I now I call to mind the prophecie,  
But I must giue no enterance to a feare,  
Returne and harten vp these yeelding soules,  
Tell them the rauens seeing them in armes,  
So many faire against a famisht few,  
Come but to dine vpon their handie worke,  
and prae vpon the carriion that they kill,  
For when we see a horse laid downe to die,  
although not dead, the rauenous birds  
Sit watching the departure of his life,  
Euen seith the rauens for the carcasses  
Of those poore English that are markt to die,  
Houer about, and if they crie to vs,  
Tis but for meate that we must kill for them,  
Awake and comfort my souldiers,

Cap: Behold my liege, this knight and fortie more  
Of whom the better part are slaine and fled;  
With all indauor sought to breake our rakes,  
And make their waie to the incompast prince,  
Dispose of him as please your maiestie.  
Io: Go, & the next bough, souldier, that thou seeſt,  
Disgrace it with his hodie pteſently,  
Eor I doo hold a tree in France too good.

To





## *Edward the third.*

To be the galloves of an English theefe.

Sa: My Lord of Normandie, I haue your passe,  
And warrant for my safetie through this land.

Ch: Villiers procured it for thee, did he not?

Sa: He did.

Ch: And it is currant, thou shalt freely passe.

En: Io: I freely to the gallows to be hangd,  
Without deniall or impediment.

Awaie with him.

Vl: I hope your highnes will not so disgrace me,  
and dash the vertue of my scale at armes,  
He hath my neuer broken name to shew,  
Carestred with this princely hande of mine,  
and rather let me leauue to be a prince,  
Than break the stalle verdict of a prince,  
I doo beseech you let him passe in quiet,

K: Thou and thy word lie both in my command,  
What canst thou promise that I cannot breake?

Which of these twaine is greater infamie,

To disobey thy father or thy selfe?

Thy word nor no mans may exceed his power,  
Nor that same man doth neuer breake his wordc,  
That keepes it to the vtmost of his power.

The breach offaith dwells in the soules consent,

Which if thy selfe without consent doo breake,

Thou art not charged with the breach offaith,

Go hang him, for thy lisence lies in mee,

and my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

Ch: VVhat am I not a soldier in my word?

Then armes adieu, and let them fight that list,

Shall I not giue my girdle from my waft,

But with a gardion I shall be controld,

To saie I may not giue my things awaie,

Vpon my soule, had Edward prince of VVales

Ingagde his word, wrt downe his noble hand,

For all your knights to passe his fathers land,

The roiall king to grace his warlike sonne,

VVould not alone safe conduct giue to them.

## The Raigne of king

But with all bountie feasted them and theirs.

*Kin:* Dwelst thou on presidents, then be it so,

Say Englishman of what degree thou art.

*Sa:* An Earle in England, though a prisoner here,  
And those that knowe me call me Salisburie.

*Kin:* Then Salisburie, say whether thou art bound.

*Sa:* To Callice where my liege king Edward is.

*Kin:* To Callice Salisburie, then to Callice packe,

and bid the king prepare a noble graue,

To put his princely sonne blacke Edward in,

and as thou trauelst westward from this place,

Some two leagues hence there is a loftie hill,

Whose top seemes to plese, for the embracing skie,

Doth hide his high head in her azure bosome,

Vpon whose tall top when thy foot attaines,

Looke backe vpon the humble vale beneath,

Humble of late, but now made proud with armes,

and thence behold the wretched prince of Wales,

Hoopt with a bond of yron round about.

After which sight to Callice spurre amaine,

and saie the prince was smoothered, and not slaine,

and tell the king this is not all his ill,

For I will greet him ere he thinkes I will,

Awaie be gone, the smoake but of our shot,

Will choake our foes, though bullets hit them not. *Exit.*

*Allarum.* Enter prince Edward and *Artoys*.

*Art:* How fares your grace, are you not shot my Lord?

*Pri:* No deare *Artoys*, but choakt with dust and smoake,

And stept aside for breath and fresher aire.

*Art.* Breath then, and too it againe, the amazed French

are quite distract with gazing on the crowes,

and were our quiuers full of shafts againe,

Your grace shoud see a glorious day of this,

O for more arrowes Lord, thats our want.

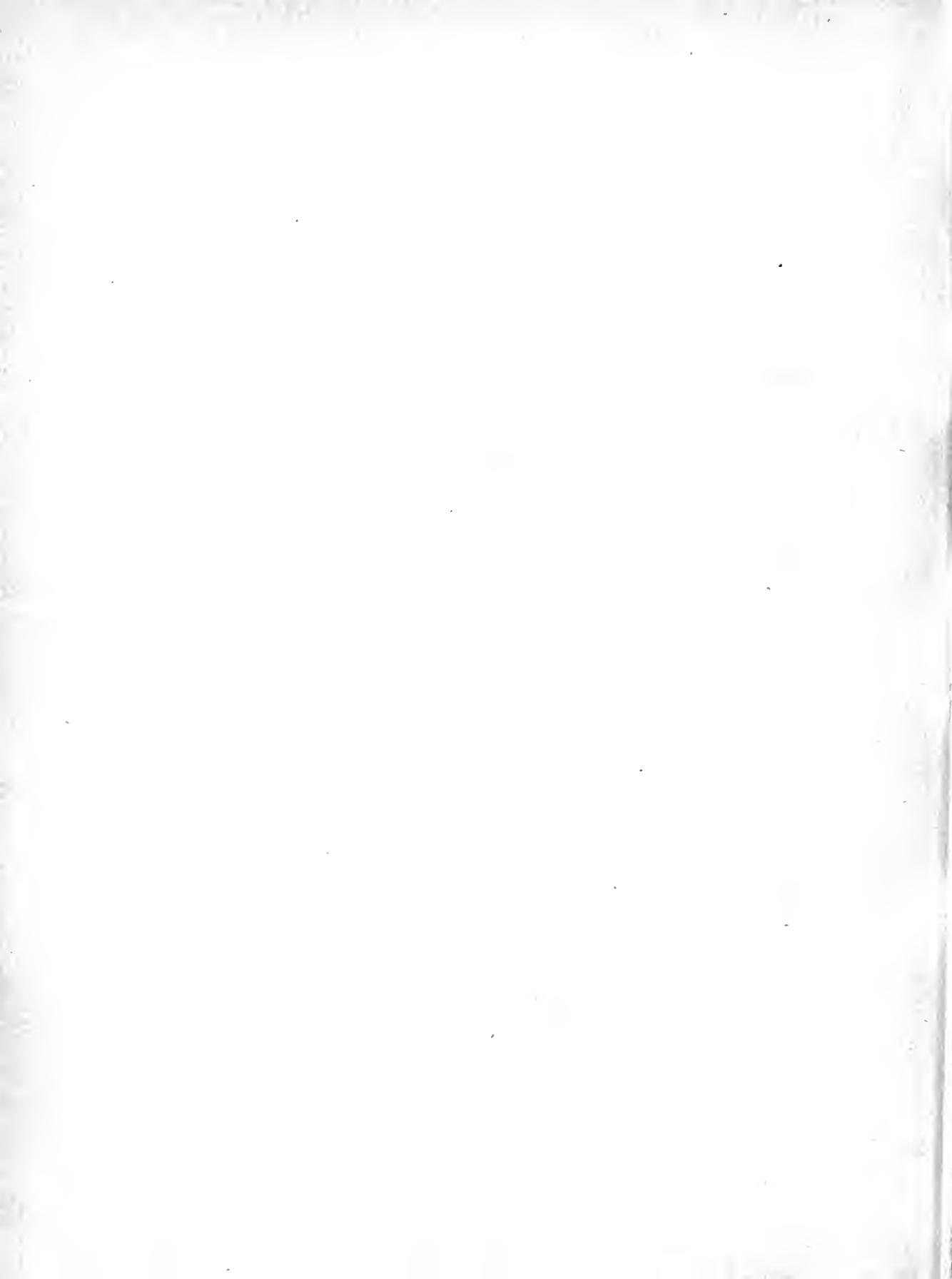
*Pri.* Courage *Artoys*, a fig for feathered shafts,

When feathered foules doo bandie on our side,

What need we fight, and sweate, and keepe a coile,

When railing crowes out colde our aduersaries





## *Edward the third.*

Vp,vp Artoys, the groundit selfe is armd,  
Fire containing flint, command our bowes  
To hurle awaie their pretie colored Ew,  
and to it with stones, avaie Artoys, awaie,  
My soule doth prophesie we win the daie,

*Exiunt.*

*Allarum.* Enter king John.

Our multitudes are in themselues confounded,  
Dismayed, and distraught, swift starting feare  
Hath buzzd a cold dismaie through all our armie,  
and euerie pettie disaduantage prompts  
The feare possessed abiet soule to flic,  
My selfe whose spirit is steele to their dull lead,  
What with recalling of the prophesie,  
and that our native stones from English armes  
Rebell against vs, finde my selfe attainted  
With strong surprise of weake and yeelding feare.

Enter Charles.

Fly father flic, the French do kill the French,  
Some that would stand, let drue at some that flic,  
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,  
Our trumpets sound dishonor, and retire,  
The spirit of feare that feareth nought but death,  
Cowardly workes confusion on it selfe.

Enter Phillip.

Plucke out your eies, and see not this daies shame,  
An arme hath beate an armie, one poore David  
Hath with a stone foild twentie stout Goliachs,  
Some twentie naked staruelings with small flints,  
Hath driven backe a puissant host of men,  
Araid and fenit in all accomplements,  
*Lob:* Mordiu they quait at vs, and kill vs vp,  
No lesse than fortie thousand wicked elders,  
Haue fortie leane slaues this daie stoned to death.

*Ch:* O that I were some other countryman,  
This daie hath set derision on the French,  
and all the world wilt blurt and scorne at vs.

*Kin:* What is there no hope left?

*Pr:* No hope but death to burie vp our shame,

*Make*

## The Raigne of King

K. Make vp once more with me the twentith payre  
Of those that liue, are men now to quale,  
The feeble handfull on the aduerse part  
*Ch.* Then charge againe, if heauen be not oppofd  
VVe cannot loose the daie.  
*Kin.* On awaie.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Audley wounded, & rescued by two squires.

*Esq.* How fares my Lord;

*And.* Euen as a man may do

That dines at such a bloudie feast as this.

*Esq.* I hope my Lord that is no mortall scarre,

*And.* No matter if it be, the count is cast,

and in the worst ends but a mortall man,

Good friends conuey me to the princely Edward

That in the crimson brauerie of my bloud,

I may become him with saluting him,

He smile and tell him that this open scarre,

Doth end the haruest of his Audleys warre. *Ex.*

Enter prince Edward, king John, Charles, and all

with Ensignes spred.

*Retreat sounded.*

*Pri.* Now John in France, & lately John of France,

Thy bloudie Ensignes are my captiue colours,

and you high vanting Charles of Normandie,

That once to daie sent me a horse to flic,

are now the subiects of my clemencie.

Fie Lords, is it not a shame that English boies,

VVhole early daies are yet not worth a beard,

Should in the bosome of your kingdome thus,

One against twentie beate you vp together.

*Kin.* Thy fortune, not thy force hath conquerd vs.

*Pri.* an argument that heauen aides the right,

See, see, Artoys doth bring with him along,

the late good counsell giuer to my soule,

VVelcomme Artoys, and welcome Phillip to,

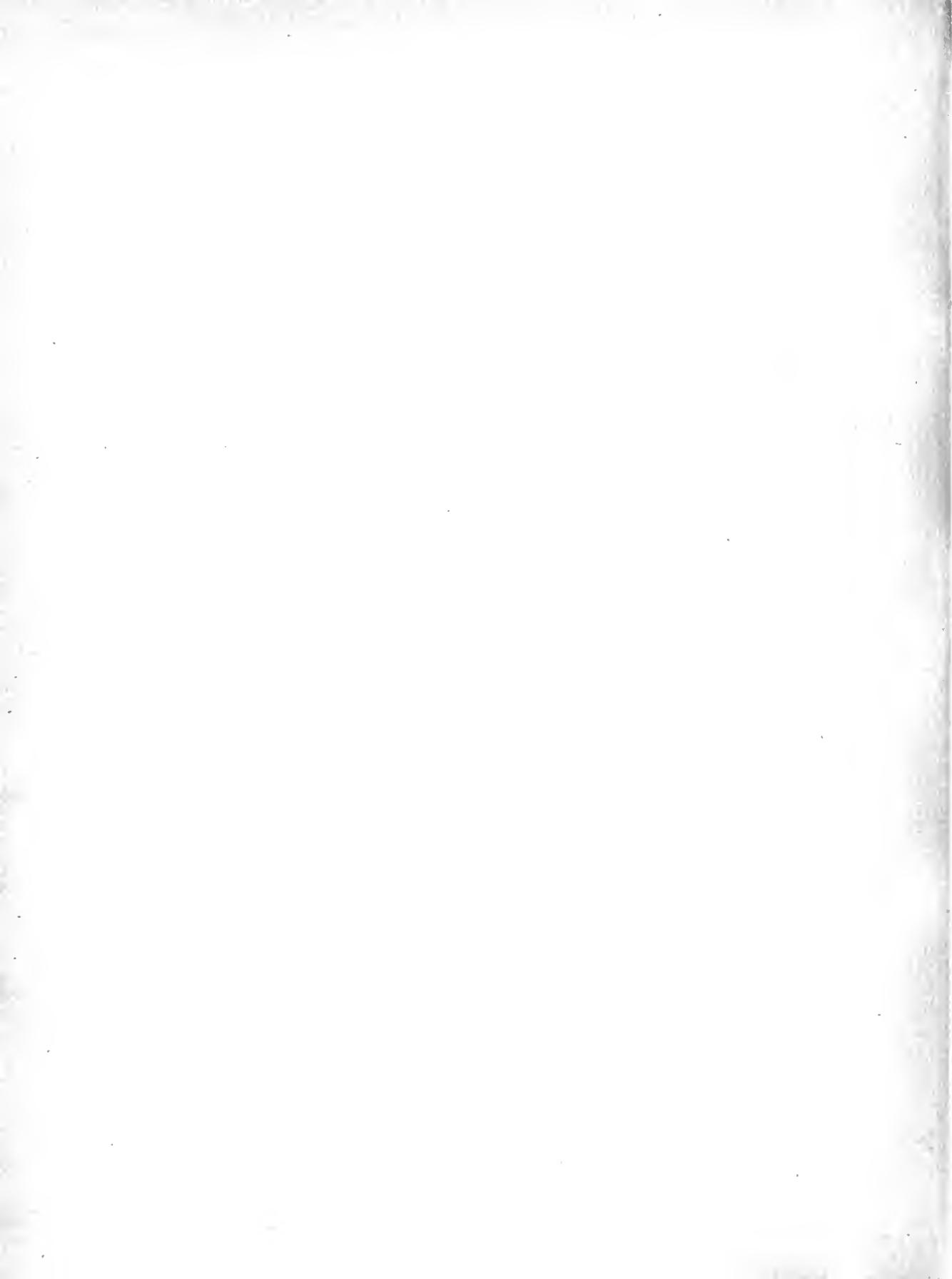
VVho now of you or I haue need to prale,

Now is the prouerbe verefied in you,

Too bright a morning breeds a louring daie.

*Sound.*





## *Edward the third.*

*Sound Trumpets, enter Andley.*

But say, what grym discouragement comes heere,  
Alas what thousand armed men of Frawice,  
Haue writ that note of death in Audleys face:  
Speake thou that wooest death with thy careles  
and lookit so merrily vpon thy graue,

(smile)  
*As if thou wert enamored on thyne end,*  
What hungry sword hath so bereaued thy face,  
*And lopt a true friend from my louing soule:*

*An.* O Prince thy sweet bemoning speech to me,  
Is as a morneful knell to one dead sickle.

*Pr:* Deare Audley if my tongue ring out thy end:

My armes shalbethe graue, what may I do,

To win thy life, or to reuenge thy death,

If thou wilt drinke the blood of captyue kings,

Or that it were restoritive, command

A Heath of kings blood, and Ile drinke to thee,

If honor may dispence for thee with death,

The neuer dying honor of this daie,

Share wholie Audley to thy selfe and liue.

*And.* Victorious Prince, that thou art so, behold

A Cæsars fame in kings captiuicit;

If I could hold dynm death but at a bay,

Till I did see my liege thy loyall father,

My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,

This mangled tribute with all willingnes;

To darkenes consummation, dust and Wormes.

*Pr:* Cheerely bold man, thy soule is all to proud,

To yeeld her Citie for one little breach,

Should be diuorced from her earthly spouse,

By the soft temper of a French mans sword:

Lo, to repaire thy life, I gue to thee,

Three thousand Marks a yeere in English land.

*An:* I take thy gift to pay the debts I owe:

These two poore Esquires redeemd me from the

With lusty & deer hazzard of their liues; (French)

What thou hast giuen me I gue to them,

And as thou louest me Prince, lay thy consent.

## The Raigne of king

To this bequeath in my last testament,  
Pr: Renowned Audley, liue and haue from mee,  
This gift twise doubled to these Esquires and thee  
But liue or die, what thou hast gien away,  
To these and theirs shall lasting freedome stay,  
Come gentlemen, I will see my friend bestowed,  
With in an easie Litter, then wele march,  
Proudly toward Callis with tryumphant pace,  
Vnto my royll father, and there bring,  
The tribut of my wars, faire Fraunce his king. Ex.  
Enter sixe Cuizens in their Shirts, bare foote, wth  
halfers above their necks.

Enter King Edward, Queen Phillip, Derby, soldiers.  
Ed: No more Queene Phillip, pacifie your selfe,  
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,  
Shall finde displeasure written in our lookes,  
And now vnto this proud refusing towne,  
Souldiers assault, I will no longer stay,  
To be deluded by their false delaies,  
Put all to sword, and make the spoyle your owne.

All: Mercy king Edward, mercie gratiouse Lord.  
K: Gontemptuous villaines, call ye now for truce?  
Mine eares are stopt against your boorelesse cryes,  
Sound drums allarum, draw threatening swords?

All: Ah noble Prince, take pittie on this towne,

And heare vs mightie king:  
We claime the promise that your highnes made,  
The two daies respit is not yet expirde,  
And we are come with willingnes to beare,

What torturing death or punishment you please,

So that the trembling multitude be saved.

K: My promise, wel I do confess as much;

But I require the cheefest Citizens,

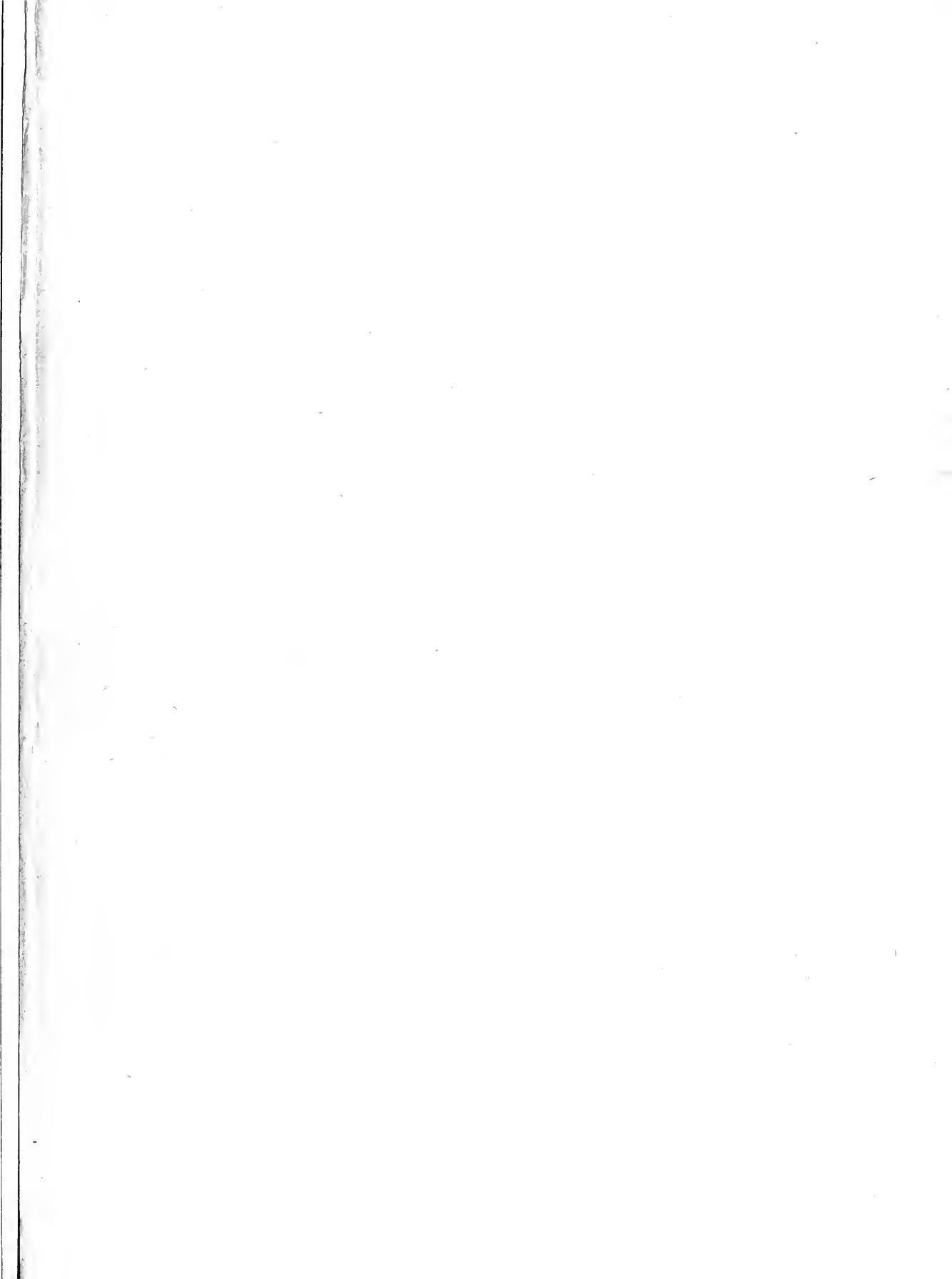
And men of most account that shold submit,

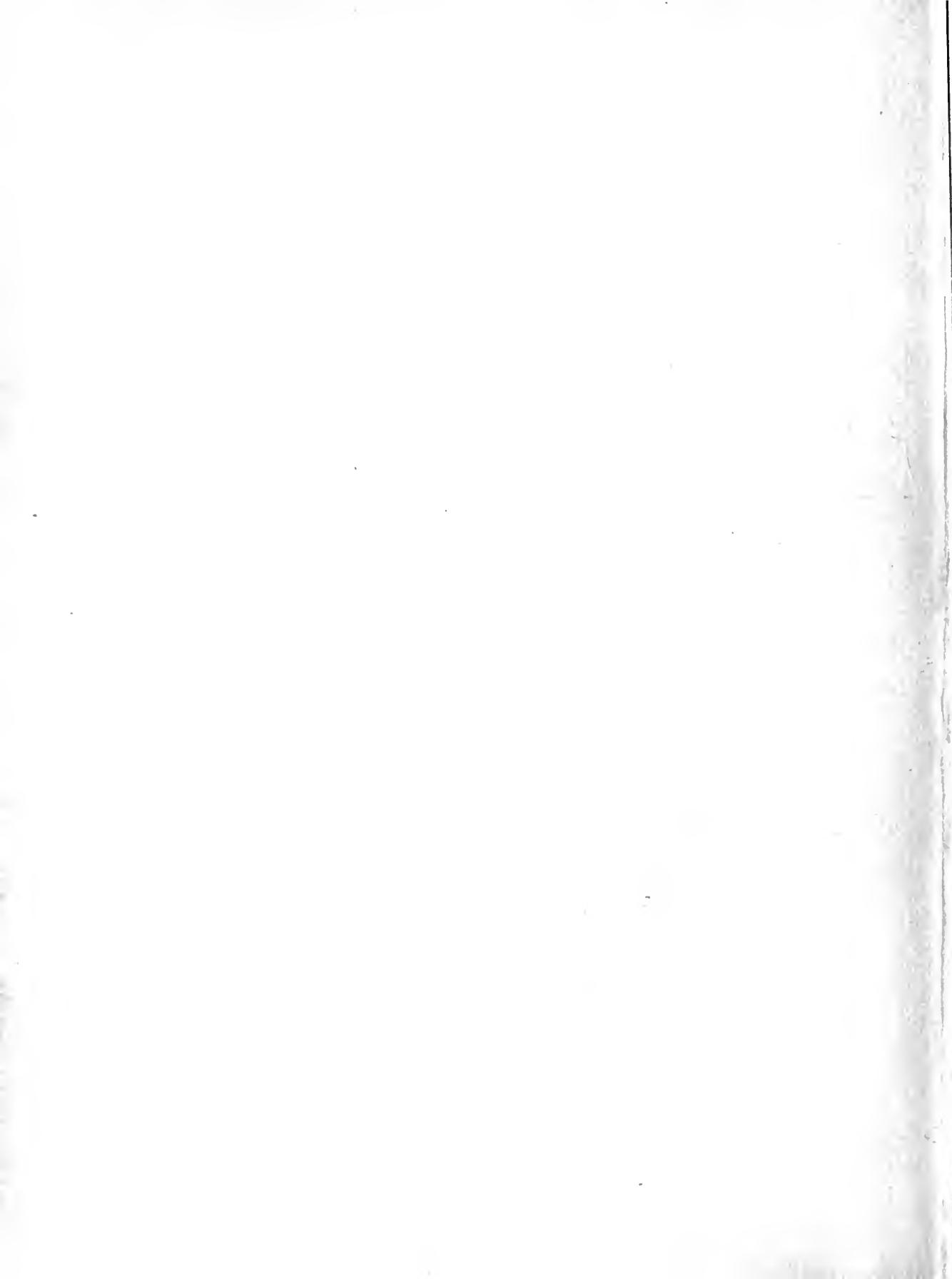
You peraduenture are but seruile gromes,

Or some felonious robbers on the sea,

Whome apprehended law would execute,

Albeit scuerity lay dead in vs.





### *Edward the third.*

No no ye cannot ouerreach vs thus,  
Two: The Sun dread Lord that in the western fall,  
Beholds vs now low brought through miseric,  
Did in the Orient purple of the morne,  
Salute our comming forth when we were knowne  
Or may our portion be with damned fiends,  
K: If it be so, then let our couenant stand,  
We take possession of the towne in peace,  
But for your selues looke you for no remorse.  
But as imperiall iustice hath decreed,  
Your bodies shalbe dragd about these wals,  
And after feele the stroake of quartering steele,  
This is your doime, go souldierts see it done.  
Q: Ah be more milde vnto these yeelding men,  
It is a glorious thing to stablish peace,  
And kings approch the nearest vnto God,  
By giuing life and safety vnto men,  
As thou intendeſt to be king of Fraunce,  
So let her people liue to call thee king,  
For what the ſword cuts down or fire hath ſpoylde  
Is held in reputation none of ours.  
K: Although experience teach vs, this is true,  
That peacefull quietnes brings most delight,  
When most of all abuses are controld,  
Yet in ſomuch, it ſhalbe knowne that we,  
Aſwell can maſter our affections,  
As conquer other by the dynt of ſword,  
Phillip preuaile, we yeeld to thy reuertſt,  
Theſe men ſhall liue to boast of clemencie,  
And tyrañnie ſtrike terror to thy ſelſe.  
Two: long liue your highnes, happy be your reigne  
K: Go get you hence, returne vnto the towne,  
And if this kindnes hath deserud your loue,  
Learne then to reuerence Edw. as your king. Ex.  
Now might we heare of our affaires abroad,  
We would till glomy Winter were ore ſpent,  
Diſpoſe our men in garrison a while,  
But who comes heere?

*Enter*

# The Raigne of king

Enter Copland and King David.

De, Copland my Lord, and David King of Scots:

Ki: Is this the proud presumtious Esquire of the  
North,

That would not yeeld his prisoner to my Queen,

Cop: I am my liege a Northen Esquire indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent I trust;

Ki: What moude thee then to be so obstinate,

To contradict our royll Queenes desire?

Cop: No wilfull disobedience mightie Lord,

But my desert and publike law at armes,

I tooke the king my selfe in single fight,

and like a souldier would be loath to loose

The least preheminence that I had won;

And Copland straight vpon your highnes charge,

Is come to Fraunce, and with a lowly minde,

Doth vale the bonnet of his victory:

Receiuue dread Lorde the custome of my fraught,

The wealthie tribute of my laboring hands,

Which shoulde long since haue been surrendred vp

Had but your gratiouse selfe bin there in place,

Q. But Copland thou didst scorne the kings com-

Neglecting our commission in his name. (mild

Cop: His name I reuerence, but his person more,

His name shall keepe me in allegaunce still,

But to his person I will bend my knee.

King. I prae thee Phillip let displeasure passe:

This man doth please mee, and I like his words,

For what is he that will attempt great deeds,

and loose the glory that ensues the same,

all riuers haue recourse vnto the Sea,

and Coplands fauour relation to his king. (knight,

Kneele therefore dowe, now rise king Edwards

and to maintayne thy state I freely giue,

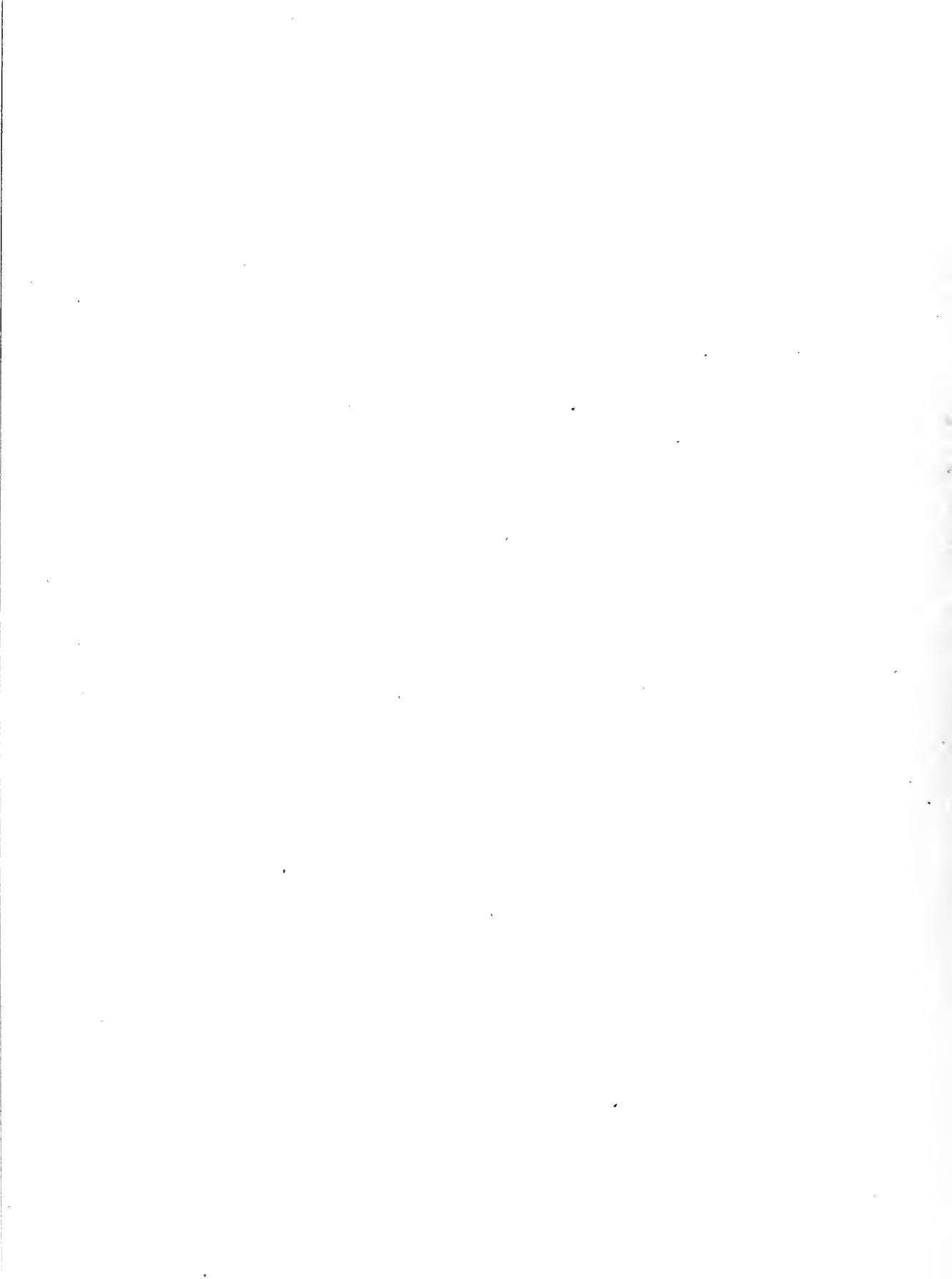
Fiue hundred marks a yeere to thee and thine.

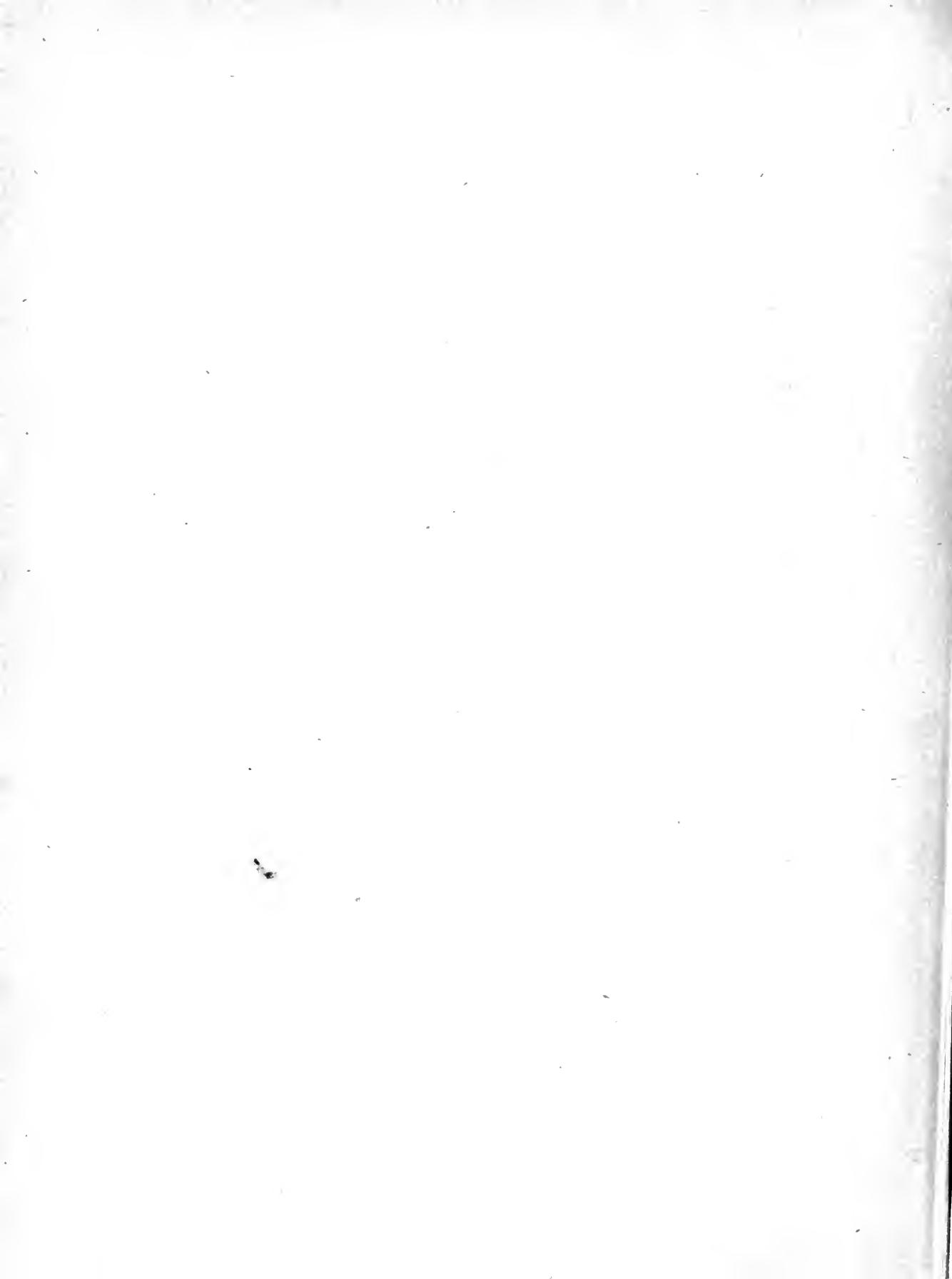
welcom lord Salisburie, what news from Britaine

Enter Salsbury.

Sa: This iugtie king, the Country we haue won,

And





### *Edward the third.*

And Charles de Mountford regent of that place,  
Presents your highnes with this Coronet,  
Protesting true allegiance to your Grace.  
*K.*: We thanke thee for thy seruice valient Earle  
Challenge our fauour for we owe it thee:  
*S.*: But now my Lord, as this is joyful newes,  
So must my voice be tragicall againe,  
and I must sing of dolefull accidents,  
*K.*: What haue our men the ouerthrow at Poitiers,  
Or is our sonne beset with too much odds?  
*S.*: He was my Lord, and as my worthly selfe,  
With fortie other seruiceable knights,  
Vnder safe conduct of the *Dolphin*s scale,  
Did traualle that way, finding him distrest,  
A troupe of Launces met vs on the way,  
Surprised and brought vs prisoners to the king,  
Who proud of this, and eager of reuenge,  
Commanded straight to cut of all our heads,  
And surely we had died but that the Duke,  
More full of honor then his angry syre,  
Procurd our quicke deliuernace from thence,  
But ere we went, salute your king, quoth hee,  
Bid him prouide a funerall for his sonne,  
To day our sword shall cut his thred of life,  
And sooner then he thinkes wele be with him:  
To quittance those displeasures he hath done,  
This said, we past, not daring to reply,  
Our harts were dead, our lookes diffusid and wan,  
Wandring at last we clymd vnto a hill,  
From whence although our griesewere much be-  
Yet now to see the occasion with our eies, (fore  
Did thrice so much increase our heauines,  
For there my Lord, oh there we did descry  
Downe in a vallie how both armies laie:  
The French had cast their trenches like a ring,  
And euery Barricados open front,  
Was thicke imbold with brasen ordynaunce,

## The Raigne of King

Heere stood a battaile of ten thousand horse,  
There twise as many pilkes in quadrant wise,  
Here Crosbowes and deadly wounding darts,  
And in the midis like to a slender poynt,  
Within the compasse of the horizon,  
as were a rising bubble in the sea,

A Hasle wand a midis a wood of Pynes,  
Or as a beare fast chaind vnto a stake,  
Stood fainous Edward still expecting when  
Those doggs of Fraunce would fallen on his flesh  
Anon the death procuring knell begins,  
Off goe the Cannons that with trembling noyse,  
Did shake the very Mountayne where they stood,  
Then sound the Trumpets clangor in the airc,  
The battailes ioyne, and when we could no more,  
Discerne the difference twixt the friend and fo,  
So intricate the darke confusion was,  
Away we turnd our watric eies with sighs,  
as blacke as pouder fuming into smoke,  
And thus I feare, vnhappie haue I told,  
The most vntimely tale of Edwards fall.

Qu: Ah me, is this my welcome into Fraunce:  
Is this the comfort that I lookt to haue,

When I shold mette with my beloued soame:

Sweete Ned, I wold aby mocher in the sea

Had been preuented of this mortall griefe.

K: Content thee Phillip, tis not teares will serue,

To call him backe, if he be taken hence;

Comfort thy selfe as I do gentle Queene,

With hope of sharpe vnhcarrd of dyre revenge,

He bids me to provide his funerall.

And so I will, but all the Peeres in Fraunce,

Shall mourners be, and weepe out bloody teares,

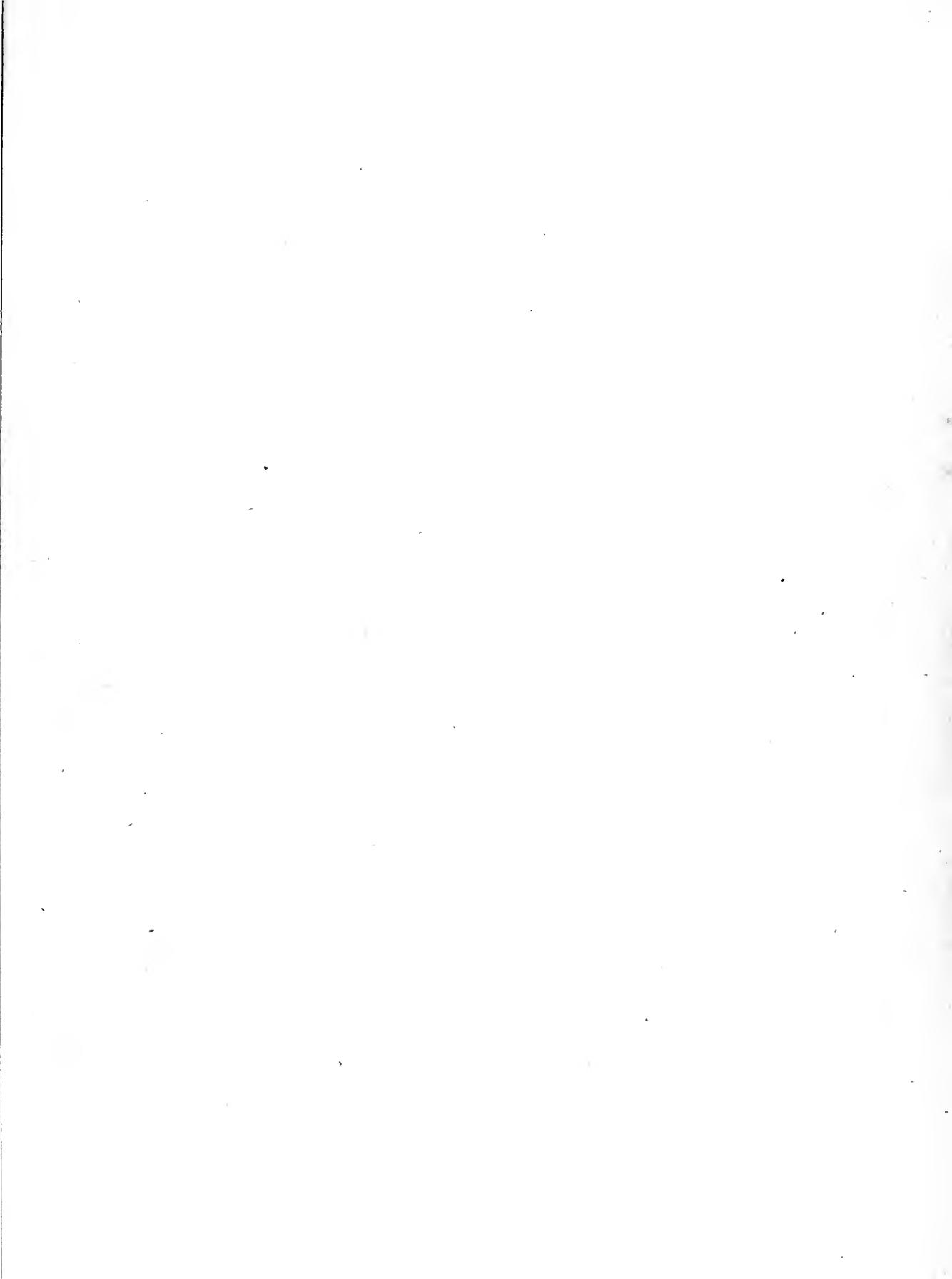
Vntill their empie vaines be drie and secc

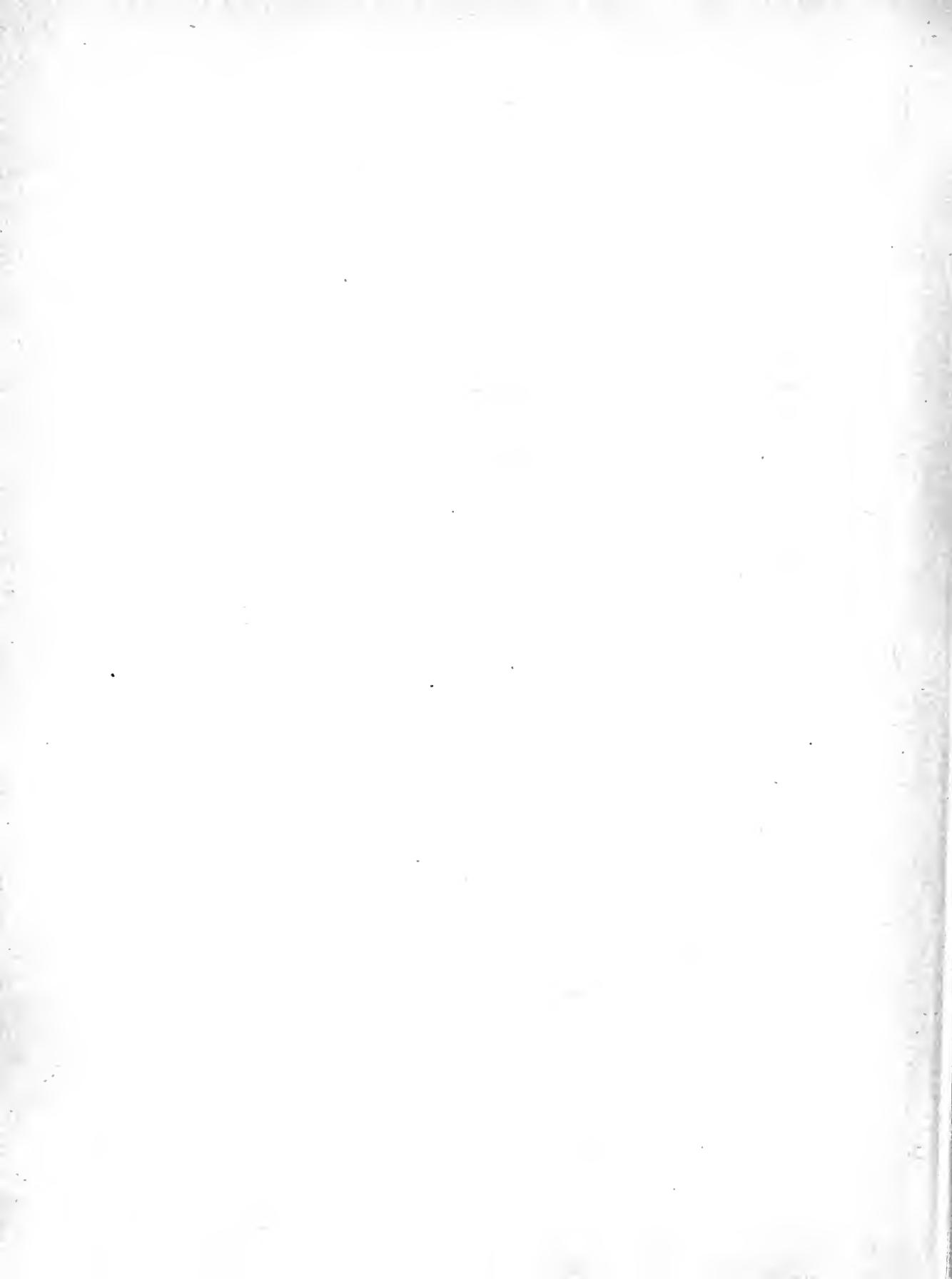
The pillars of his heare shall be his bones,

The mould that couers him their Cittie affres,

His knell the groaning cryes of dying men,

and





## *Edward the third.*

And in the stead of tapers on his tomb,  
an hundred fisie towers shall burning blaze,  
While we bewaile our valiant sonnes decease.  
After a flourish sounded within, enter an herald.  
*He*, Reioyce my Lord, ascend the imperial throne  
The mightie and redoubted prince of Wales,  
Great seruitor to bloudie Mars in armes,  
The French mans terror and his countries fame,  
Triumphant rideth like a Romane peere,  
and lowly at his stirrop comes a foot  
King Iohn of France, together with his sonne,  
In captiue bonds, whose diadem he brings  
To crowne thee with, and to proclaime thee king  
*Ki*, Away with mourning Phillip, wipe thine eies  
Sound Trumpets, weleome in Plantaginet.

*Enter Prince Edward, King Iohn, Phillip, And-  
ley, Astroy.*

*Ki*: As things long lost when they are found again,  
So doth my sonne reioyce his fathers heart,  
For whom euernow my soule was much perplexed  
*Q*: Be this a token to expresse my ioy, *kiss him*.  
For inward passions will not let me speake.

*Pr*: My gracious father, here receiuie the gift,  
This wreath of conquest, and reward of warte,  
Got with as mickle perill of our liues,  
as ere was thing of price before this daie,  
Install your hightnes in your proper right,  
and heerewithall I render to your hands

These prisoners, chiefe occasion of our strife.

*Kin*: So Iohn of France, I see you keepe your word  
You promist to be sooner with our selfe  
Then we did think for, and tis so in deed,  
But had you done at first as now you do,  
How many ciuill townes had stooode vntoucht,  
That now are turnd to ragged heaps of stones?  
How many peoples liues mightst thou haue saud,  
that are vntimely sunke into their graues.

*Ed*: Edward, recount not things irreuocable,

Tell

## The Raigne of King

Tell me what ransome thou requirest to haue?  
Kyn: Thy ransome Iohn, hereafter shall be known  
But first to England thou must crosse the seas,

To see what entertainment it affords,  
How ere it falle, it cannot be so bad,  
as ours hath bin since we arriued in France.

Ioh: Accursed man, of this I was fortolde,

But did misconster what the prophet told.

Pri: Now father this petition Edward makes,

To thee whose grace hath bin his strongest shield

That as thy pleasure chose me for the man,

To be the instrument to shew thy power,

So thou wilt grant that many princes more,

Bred and brought vp within that little Isle,

May still be famous for lyke victories:

and for my part, the bloudie scars I beare,

The wearie nights that I haue watcht in field,

The dangerous conflicts I haue often had,

The fearefull menaces were proffered me,

The heate and cold, and what else might displease

I wish were now redoubled twentie fold,

So that hereafter ages when they reade

The painfull traffike of my tender youth

Might thereby be inflamed with such resolute,

as not the territories of France alone,

But likewise Spain, Turkie, and what countries els

That justly would prouoke faire Englands ire,

Might at their presence tremble and retire.

Kyn: Here English Lordes we do proclaim a rest

An intercession of our painfull armes,

Sheath vp your swords, refresh your weary lims,

Peruse your spoiles, and after we haue breathd

A daie or two within this haucn towne,

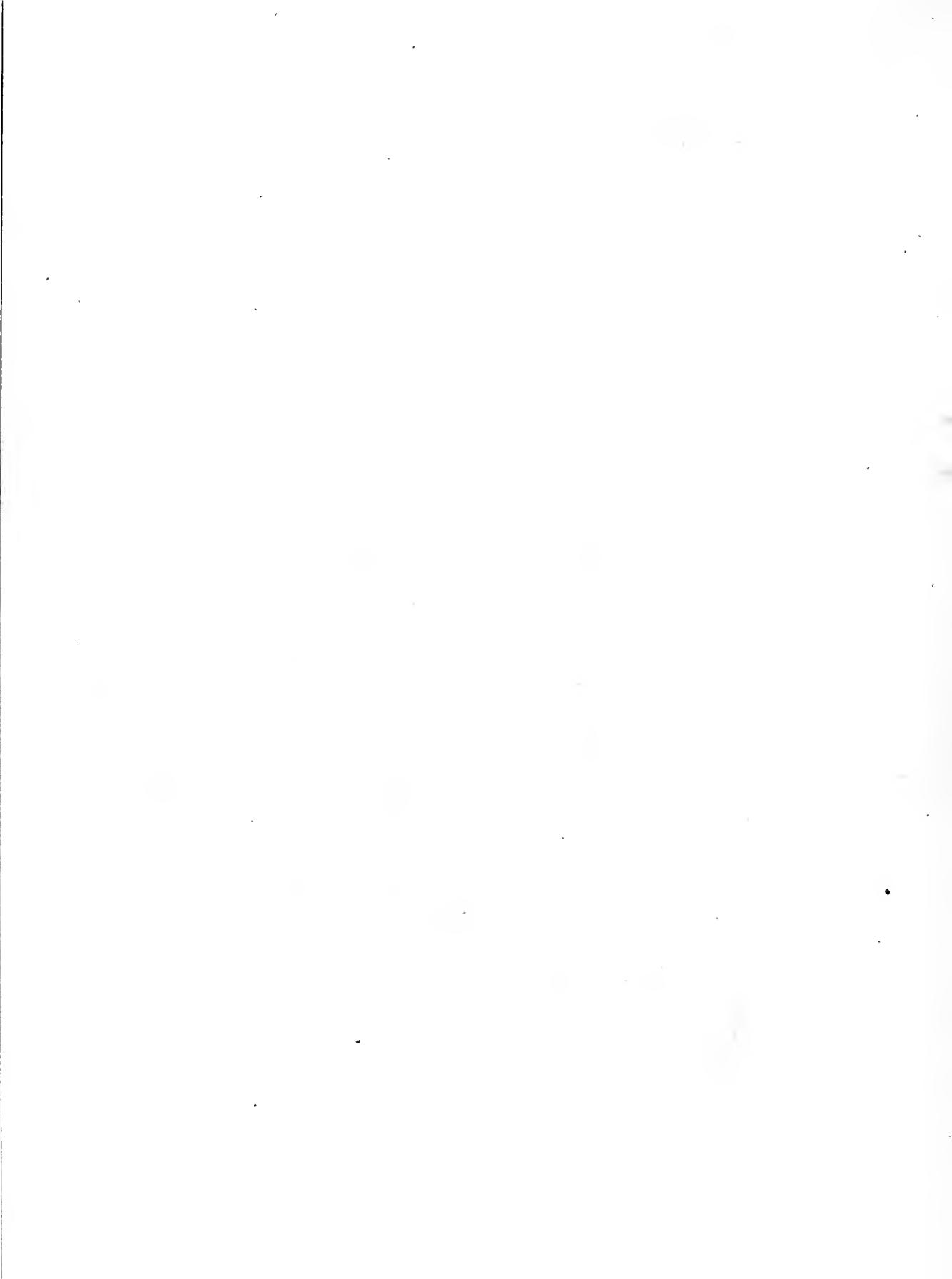
God willing then for England wele be shipt,

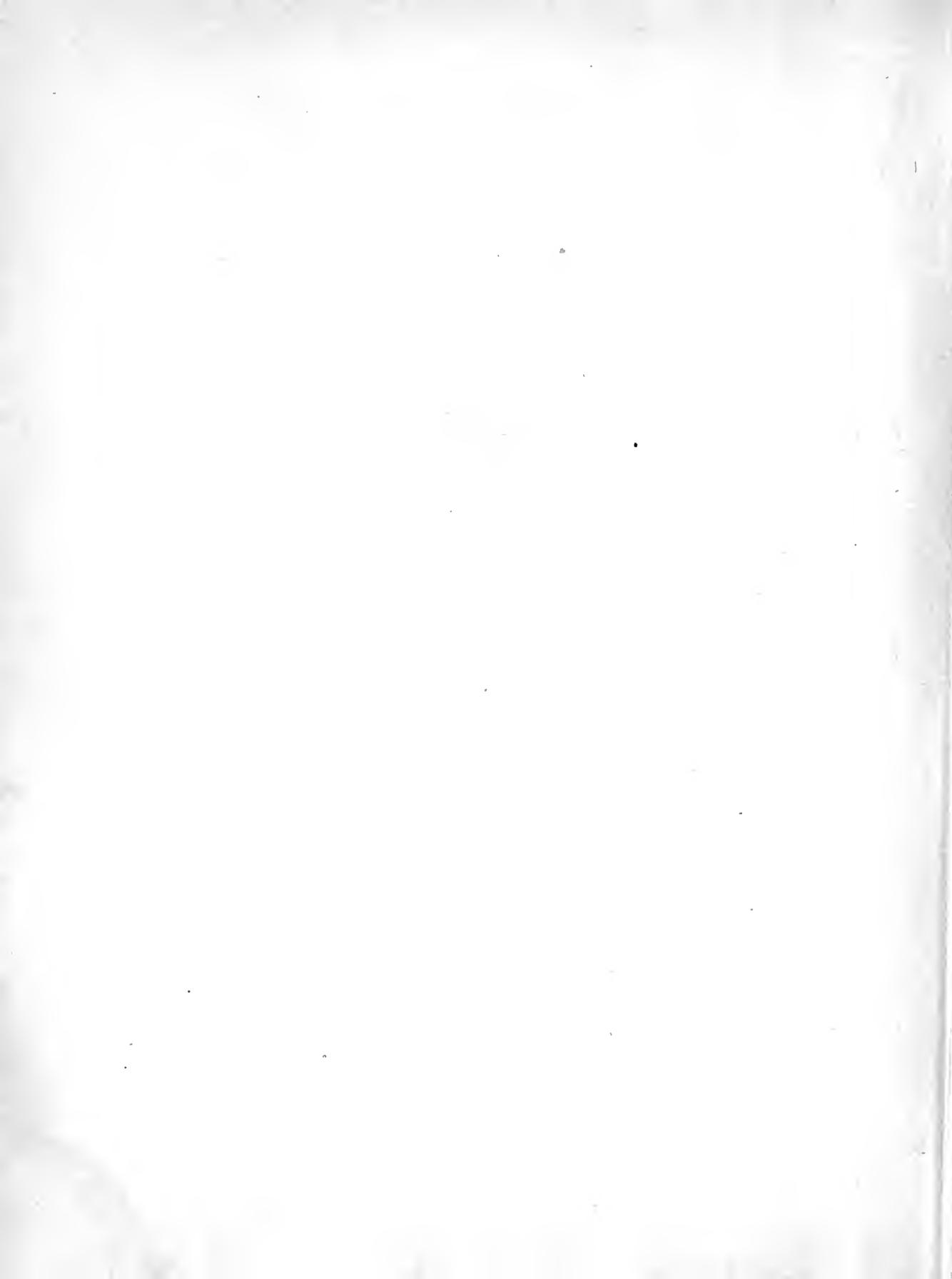
VVhere in a happie houre I trust we shall

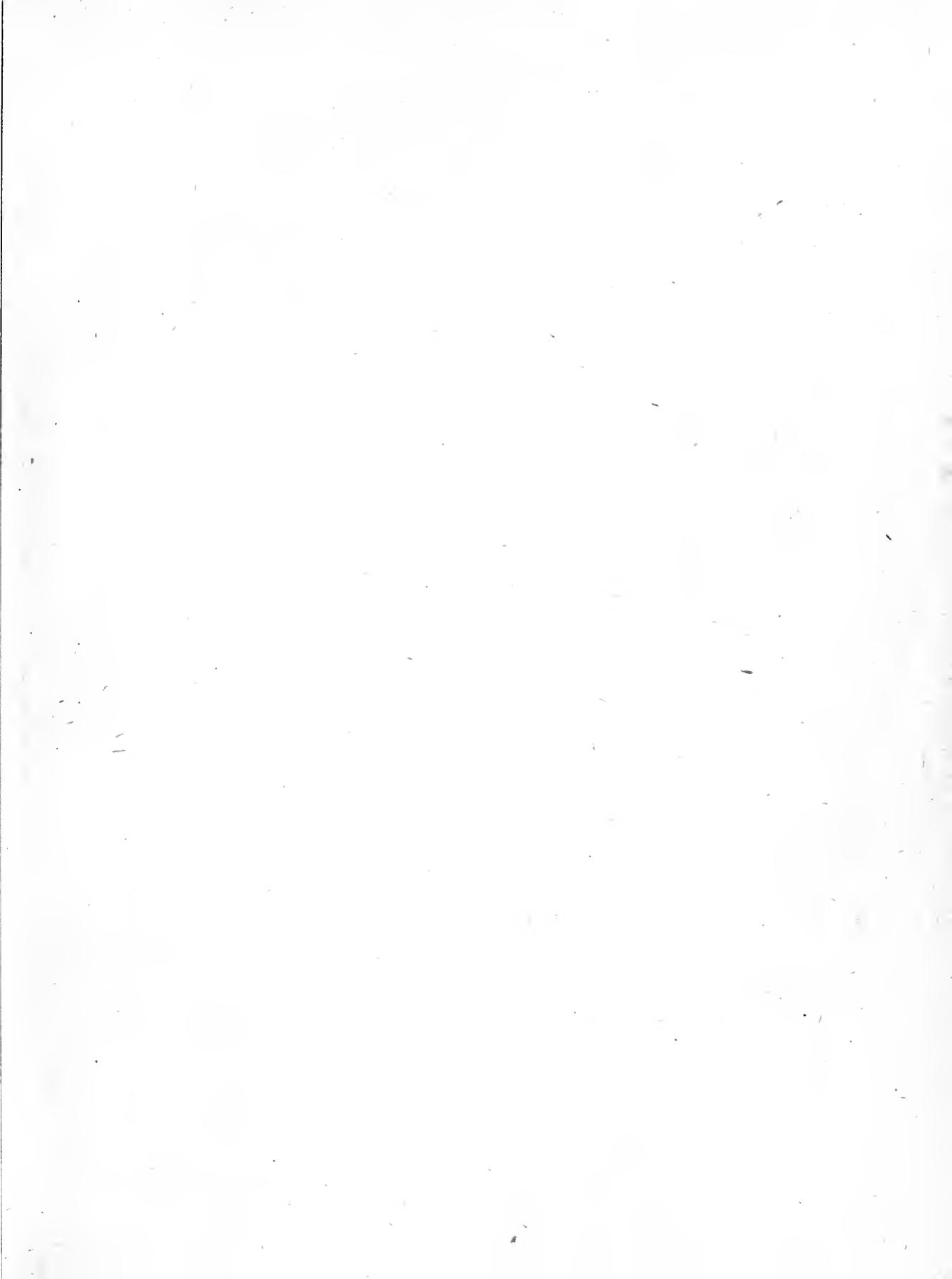
Arrue three kings, two princes, and a queene.

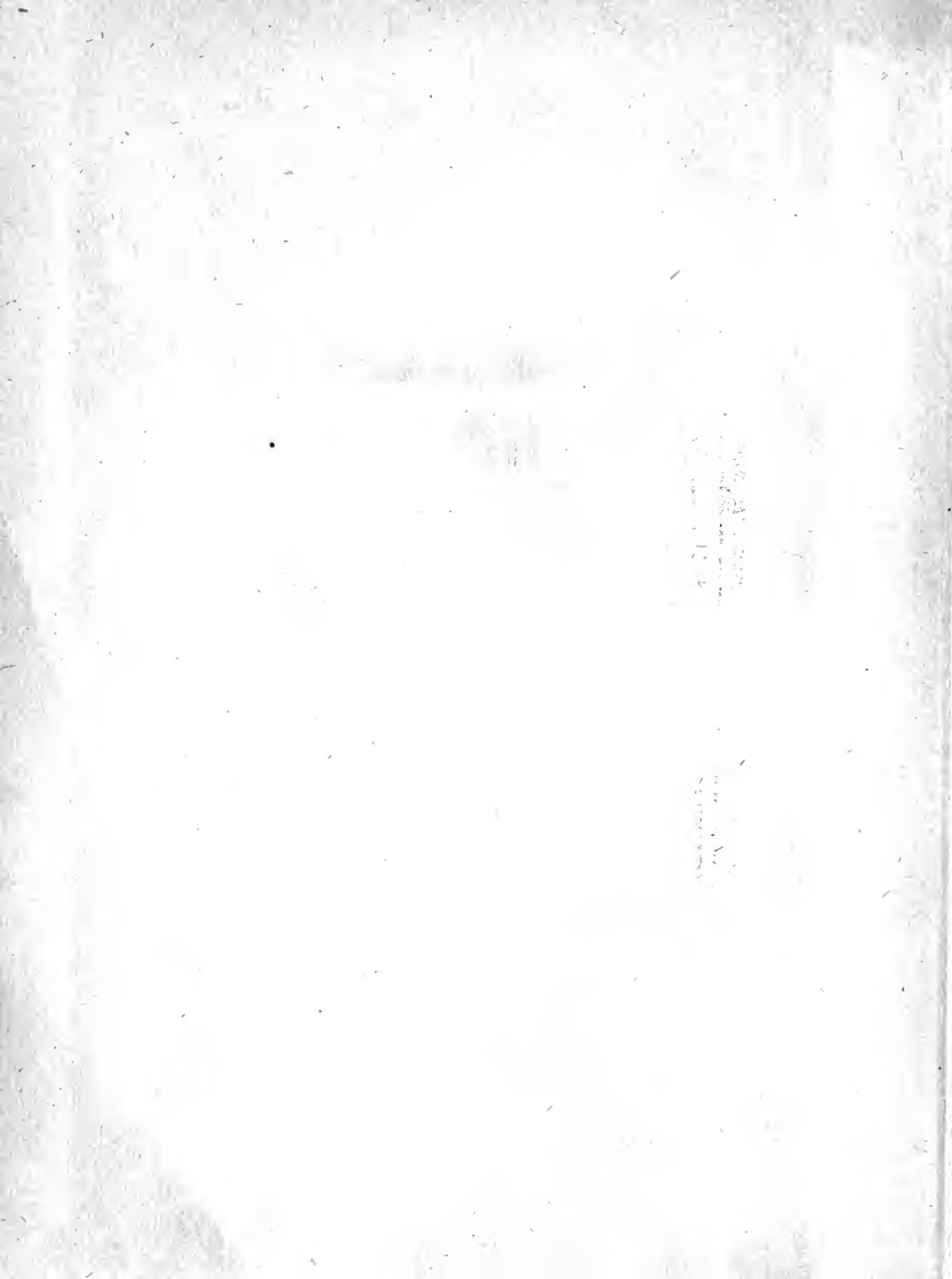


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The reign of King Edward  
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